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LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE EFFECTS OF AN UNWINDING SPOON—A POLITICAL MARRIAGE—A NEW ENTERTAINMENT—AN IMPROVED SPECTACLE—A MON OF GRAMMERE—A PROPOSED RAILWAY—THE THREE CORNERS—A PROPOSED REMARK, AND A CURIOUS STORY.

Paris, January 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The excitement of the public mind with regard to the probability of war still continues, and although the balance of opinion is in favor of peace, the injurious effect of the alarms of the last three weeks has been made painfully apparent by the failure of several large commercial houses of this city. The papers are forbidden to mention the fact of these failures, but the commercial and speculative public is quite aware of their occurrence, and should the present state of uncertainty continue even a week or two longer, these failures will be followed by others to an overwhelming extent. So intimately are the interests of the various members of the European family now united, that a perturbation in one part of the Continent necessarily tells upon all, and thus the depreciation of the public securities throughout this quarter of the globe to the enormous amount of \$300,000,000 has followed the ill-judged utterance on the first day of this new year of the Emperor of the French. Business is stagnant throughout the greater part of the manufacturing districts; happily the young crops give hopes of a good harvest for next summer. The absence of the English visitors, whose presence is so important to Paris, has induced the government to relax its regulations with regard to passports. The costly foreign office visa is dispensed with, and various minor mitigations of the nuisance have been introduced. Preparations are making for the reception of Prince Napoleon and the young princes, whom political reasons are about to unite with a man old enough to be her grandfather, and whose private life (unless it be woefully slandered), has been as utterly dissolute as a life can well be. It is currently reported that the poor girl is a most reluctant party to the transaction which thus disposes of her destiny.

Frequent allusion has been made in these letters to the attempts which have been made to bring down the present exorbitant price of meat, a subject of great and growing importance in the internal economy of France. A fresh attempt has just been made, and promises to be successful. Two wealthy members of the Senate, indignant at the rapacity of the butchers of Orleans, have recently founded in that city an establishment in which their own cattle are sold in retail to consumers. Finding that they can thus supply the public with meat at a price, which after deducting a fair profit for themselves as grocers, is much below that charged by the butchers, they have just opened a similar establishment, consisting of two large barns, in the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, in this city; in one of these pork and sausage from their own farms will be sold; in the other, beef, mutton, and veal from the same estates. These will be sold at prices considerably below those of the ordinary shops.

As all nobility distinctions were done away with at the revolution of 1793, it is usually supposed that there are comparatively few titles in existence in this country. But this is not the case. Re-established under the first Empire, though without the basis of entail, which can alone maintain the brilliancy of these distinctions, the ranks of the French nobility contain a very large number of titles, even when cleared of the superfluous Counts, Barons, &c., which the "Title Committee" is now so busy in separating from the true ones. Thus there are at this time no less than seventy-eight ducal houses in France, of whom only two (viz., those of La Sour d'Auvergne, and La Tremouille, date from the fifteenth century; three (those of Montmorency, Crouais, and Belan), from the sixteenth, and fourteen from the seventeenth; the rest are of recent elevation, by far the greater number dating from the first Empire.

According to a long statement which has just appeared in "The Engineer," the French railway companies will have their hands pretty full through the present year, an immense number of branch lines having been "authorized" by the Government. The fact that while nearly \$16,000,000 are expended yearly on the making and repairing of roads in France, many of the departments have scarcely any proper roads, (Cordis, in fact, has none at all,) and all are greatly deficient in lines of communication, is sufficient to account for the proposed creation of the new railways; the backwardness of the regions unsupplied with roads, and the smallness of the amounts contributed by them to the public treasury, being in exact proportion, a paternal government is naturally desirous to push on a branch of improvement that will tend directly to develop the resources of the country, and with these, the availability of the country itself for the purposes of taxation. That the present rulers of France should be keenly alive to the desirability of such a process is natural enough, seeing that, so nicely every year as to present a most flourishing appearance to the world, the Government of the Emperor has actually managed to increase the public debt of France one hundred and ten millions sterling in the comparatively short period during which his Imperial Majesty has held the reins: What with the enormous outlay still going on, (principally in the increase of the military department, and the creation of the navy), it is hard to guess what may be, by and by, the sum total of that national bankruptcy towards which the croakers regard this country as probably drifting.

While so many causes of apprehension exist in Europe, the Sultan Abdul Mejid has seen the completion of the first theatre ever erected in Constantinople by a descendant of the Prophet. The theatre, which is for his Majesty's private use, has been built on a most lovely spot, in the grounds of the palace of Dehsh-Batchi, at a short distance from the Bosphorus, opposite Scutari, the Sea of Marmora, and Seraglio Point. It contains many large apartments; among others a noble ban-

queting-hall, 90 feet long by 45 wide, with 12 windows. This room is fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, being hung with richly embroidered and gilded leather, the floor covered with a magnificent Aubusson carpet, and chandeliers of rock crystal pendant from the ceiling. In this room, in which diplomatic dinners are sometimes to be given, are two skillfully concealed tribunes or desks, one of which is for the use of the Sultan when he may wish to be present, unseen, at some festive gathering within its walls—the other for the orchestra. The theatre itself somewhat resembles that of Versailles (so brilliant under Louis XIV., and his immediate successors, so utterly deserted and silent since that time); it has a line of boxes open on a level with the pit for the reception of the guests of both sexes honored by the Sultan's favor, and a second tier, graded, for the reception of the ladies of the harem. Everything about it is in a style of the greatest magnificence, and the whole building does honor to the taste and skill of its constructors. On the 14th of this month the members of the diplomatic body were present at the first representation given in the new theatre. The guests assembled in the reception-room, when the Sultan entered, and after addressing a few words to each, proceeded then into the theatre, where places had been assigned to each. Lady Bulwer, wife of the English Minister, was leaning on the arm of the gallant Foad Pacha, no doubt to the great scandal of the hidden beauties behind the grating. The piece given was Ricci's comic opera of *Servant-maître*, sung by the actors of the Italian theatre at Paris; the performance passed off with great eclat, the ladies in the latticed boxes being particularly delighted. How these ladies may have regarded the spectacle afforded by the presence of European ladies, with the bare necks and arms which are held by "civilized" womanhood to constitute so essential a part of "full dress," receiving the compliments of the gentlemen, and conversing with all the specimens of the masculine gender, Turkish and foreign, we are not informed; but as it is averred by all travellers that the women of the East feel themselves as much aggrieved and insulted at the idea of being released from a life of seclusion as their Western sisters would be at the idea of being condemned to it, we may reasonably infer that the sight of the European ladies in the audience was not particularly agreeable to them. However, it is pretty certain that if the Oriental dames begin to take an interest in the representations and lessons of the drama, the gilded gratings of the harem will fall before very long.

The persistence with which the "lords and ladies" of creation "hold on" to the most absurd and unnatural notions when once we have got them into our brilliant little pates is, nevertheless, truly surprising. Not to speak of the mass of ridiculous prejudices and customs growing out of them, which make up the staple of domestic and social existence in semi-barbarous countries, how many puerile fancies, how many absurd or mischievous ideas, still hold sway in communities that have reached the era of machinery, telegraphs, and other magnificent inventions, first-fruits of the border lands of the grand domain of Positive Science on which our Western Intellect is just entering!

Among the foreigners of distinction now in Paris is a Roman, Count Corradini, married to a daughter of the noble family of Saint Yves. The Count's carriage bears an escutcheon on its panels, the sole arms represented being the figures 17 in gold, on an azure ground. The history of this singular blazon is as singular as the blazon itself; and is strikingly illustrative of the profound reflection to which your correspondent's goose-quill has just given utterance.

The Count's father was a poor peasant boy, born in a village in the neighborhood of the Eternal City. At the age of 17 he left his village, and went to Rome to seek his fortune, with only 17 *bauchis*, (a copper coin, worth about a sou) in his pocket. There he soon found a place as waiter, in a *cave*; after which he entered into business for himself as an errand-boy, and finally rose to the employment of a *ciccone*, and guided strangers in their rambles about the city. Having in this way amassed the sum of 1,700 *scudi*, he opened a little cafe, which he sold, a few years afterwards, for 17,000 *scudi*; with which sum he opened a hotel, in which he contrived to amass a respectable capital. Keeping this hotel for 17 years, he sold it, invested his money in wheat, and made 17 journeys in the East, in the interest of his new avocations as a commercial man; a line of business which he followed for 17 years, during which period he realized a colossal fortune, retiring at length to Ostia, where he took up his abode. Having, early in life, remarked the influence of the number 17 upon his destiny, he made a point of employing it in all his undertakings. He commenced his most important affairs, and set out on his journeys on the 17th day of the month; he had 17 ships, bought 17 palaces and houses; in short, he took the number 17 as the key of his existence, and was fully persuaded that he would live until a date which should comprise this number in its total. Strange to say, he died in 1857, on the very day on which he entered his 77th year. He left 17 millions to his three children, having sedulously devoted himself, through the last ten years of his life, to keep his fortune at that sum, without increase or diminution.

His eldest son purchased a patent of nobility in Rome, for the purpose of displaying the cipher 17 in his arms, and with a view to securing the fortunate influence which his father had enjoyed, he came to Paris, chose a young lady of 17, and married her on the 17th of December, 1857, hastening this marriage, in order to make sure of the mystic figures being in the date of the event. He searched all the streets in the new quarter of the Champs Elysees, with a view to finding an unoccupied building-lot bearing the number 17; and, after long search, found what he sought in the Rue des Vignes, where he has built himself an elegant mansion. He has a party of 17 friends every week to dinner; and both he and his wife are said to have made a vow not to live beyond their 77th year.

QUANTUM.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.—*Lord Bacon*.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MATanzas Dec. 30, 1858.

Mr. Editor:

We left Havana for this place by railroad in the early morning. The rain was falling quite fast, causing us to anticipate rather a dreary ride, but we were happily disappointed, for before eight o'clock the sun shone gloriously, gladdening us with his brilliancy. The days are so much longer here—the sun is up by six, and it is quite light at seven in the evening. The short days at home I have almost forgotten. You must remember that here the sun shines with a summer warmth. All day as we journeyed to this place we gazed on the beauties of a tropical climate. Everything grows in such wild luxuriance; we Northerners never see such at home. There never could be any growth to exceed these road-side flowers. Our prairie flowers are nothing in comparison—here they grow year after year, no cold wind ever blighting them, every stone wall and little bush is covered with a flowering vine. The morning glory, or "glories," as they call them here, are growing everywhere, of all sizes and colors, many measuring five inches across, and from that to tiny little ones no larger than the bloom of a cypress vine, which, by the way, grows wild here, as also the oleander and pomegranate. It seems so strange to see flowers growing by the wayside, which we have been accustomed to train in the choicest manner. A certain species of cactus is used for hedges, and it proves to be excellent—the sharp-pointed leaf prevents anything from getting through.

We were fortunate in finding a gentleman in the cars who could speak English, and was exceedingly kind in pointing out various plants which might have escaped our notice. We passed a coffee estate, and saw a fine growth of bushes, but the coffee had been gathered. We were told that while ripening, it looks very beautiful, the bushes being covered with bright crimson berries. We also saw bananas, plantains, pine-apples, and oranges, growing in abundance. As we neared this place, we came to large sugar plantations. Sugar is found to be much more profitable than coffee, therefore many estates that formerly used to produce coffee, now turn their attention entirely to the raising of sugar.

After an eight hours' ride, we arrived at our place of destination, and getting from the cars seated ourselves in a volante. But my companion had to unseat himself so as to find somebody to tell our driver where to go. What a trouble these different languages are. Where is the individual that is getting up a universal language? I wish, through the medium of your paper, you would inform him that we may surely count on one pupil, for I am determined to master that language.

We have succeeded in getting as good accommodations as the place affords at the "Knox Hotel." The rooms are rather small, and the "cots" somewhat hard, but we have learned to sleep very soundly upon them. We have only two meals a day, supper being considered an unnecessary luxury. In some places, three dollars per day might be considered sufficient to pay for three meals and lodging, but this is not one of those places.

Matanzas is very prettily situated on the bay, with hills in the background. There are beautiful drives around the city, and on the beach, but, finest of all, is to ascend the heights of the Cumbre, and, while the sun is sinking behind the hills, gaze into the valleys, which are truly most beautiful at all times, but particularly so when gilded by the reflected rays of the setting sun.

The atmosphere of Matanzas is much more pleasant to me than that of Havana. In fact, this seems more like a country town, with a country atmosphere. Yet it is too warm to walk for pleasure after ten A. M. At five P. M., it again is pleasant. We strangers feel more liberty here in walking about the city. I have been promenading each day, and really enjoy the privilege. We are now and then rather amused at the customs here; as for instance to-day, while sitting in the *parlor*, we saw a horse walking into the room; of course there were a few feminine screams, which were quieted after our being made to understand that the horse was merely passing through to his stable. It was remarkable to see with what ease the animal navigated among the tables and chairs.

The streets are much wider here, and in passing the dwellings I notice more handsome furniture, and a general appearance of more comfort than in Havana. There is also one of the finest saloons here that I have ever seen. It is the first one established at this place, where ladies are free to go. Everything is served in the handsomest style. Three evenings in the week, the proprietor, (Mr. Heurtas), provides a band of music for the amusement of those who patronize his establishment. The alternate evenings there is music on the "Place d'Armes," which is directly opposite. This evening the opera of "La Sonnambula" is performed at the theatre. Madame Gasier is here. She told me to-day she had an engagement with Mr. Ulman to visit the north, and give concerts. I hope she will visit us; she expects to be in Philadelphia about March. I do not consider myself a critic, but her singing in Havana pleased me greatly.

Yesterday we visited a sugar plantation. Before breakfasting we started with some kind friends, one of whom was the owner of the estate we visited. To young lady readers I will whisper that he was the handsomest Spaniard I have seen while on the island. As a race, Spaniards are small, but this gentleman was over six feet, and handsomely proportioned, though only twenty-one years of age. He is keeping bachelor's hall five miles out of Matanzas.

The drive out was delightful. The dew was on the flowers, and brushing by them as we passed in some of the narrow roads, they drop their petals in our laps, filling the air with a June fragrance.

Upon reaching the mansion we were hospitably entertained, refreshed with a glass of wine, and then roamed about over the place, lingering longest at the sugar-mill. The plantation contains five thousand acres, nearly all

of which is devoted to the sugar-cane. As far as the eye could reach we saw nothing but cane waving. My thoughts could not but revert to the raising of the Chinese cane at home; it seemed such a farce compared to this establishment, that I laughed outright. Having seen small mills at home pressing out a little stream of saccharine matter, I was not prepared to see a perfect torrent running out as it does here. It is a very entertaining sight. We drank of the fluid before it cooled. It is considered very healthy. They told us that the negroes grow fat eating the cane. Some invalids go out to a plantation so as to receive the benefit of drinking the saccharine matter before it forms sugar, also to smell the steam of it while boiling.

At half past eleven we returned to the house, and enjoyed a breakfast which had been prepared for us. During the meal several times the gentlemen lighted their cigars, smoked awhile, and then sat awhile. There is no time or place that a gentleman cannot smoke, or a lady either, if she desires to. We have found the warmest hospitality on the island. We are taken by the hand as old friends, and all are most kind in their attentions to us. We have been told by others who have been some time on the island, that we are uncommonly fortunate in seeing so much in so short a time. We have embraced every opportunity of sight-seeing, and feel that we have seen more than many who have been here several months.

I must not neglect to mention the fine "Paseo" they have here. We have no drive in the States that will compare with these. The market here is also very fine. It is larger and better than the Havana market—and a great deal of produce is sent from here to Havana.

We have been delighted with our visit to this place; and shall return to Havana by water, this evening. As we shall leave in the Black Warrior for New Orleans, it may be I shall not have the opportunity of writing before reaching the latter place.

To-morrow is the last of the year. Many happy days has this old year given me: I love it for its joyous memories.

Adieu, A.

A GOLDEN SAYING.—The decades of life, when polished, become its brightest ornaments. Gold is a means, and not an end. It can do a great deal, still it can't do everything; and among others, it can't make a gentleman, or else California would be choke full of them.—*Nature and Human Nature*.

AN HONEST MAN IS RESPECTED BY ALL PARTIES. We forgive a hundred rude or offensive things that are uttered from conviction, or in the conscientious discharge of a duty.—*Hudlin*.

A RHYME UPON DRESS.—When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis de Nole appeared before him every day in a new dress. "Sire," said the Czar, to him, "your tailor must be a very bad one, that he can never fit you."

"I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," said Daniel O'Connell, to a young writer. "Eh? What, sir?" was the eager rejoinder. "A penny bun, my friend."

THE DIVINITY OF MAN.—There is but one Temple in the world; and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—*Noodis*.

SUN AND MOON.—"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but in my opinion the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time when we really want it, whereas we have the sun with us in the day-time when we have no occasion for it."

One very cold night a village doctor was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, "Who's there?" "A friend." "What do you want?" "To stay here all night." "Stay then, and welcome," was the benevolent reply, as he closed the window, and crept again into bed.

I see that when God loves, He chastens sorely, but I ask not why—I only know that God is just and good—All else is mystery.—*Bitter Sweet*.

LEGAL ACCIDENTS.—Mr. E., a barrister, noted for absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of Macbeth, and on the witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they were "doing a deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming to the astonishment of the audience—"A deed without a name! Why, it's cold; it's not worth a sixpence."

In joining contrast both love's delights, Hence, hands of snow in palms of sunset fire. The form of Hercules affects the sylph, And breathes that eke the lion's fire-proof heart. Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell.

There is an Eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only these words: "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 roubles. A Mogul asked the parrot: "Are you worth 100 roubles?" The parrot answered: "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself: "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual: "What doubt is there of that?"

AS INTO THE BURN THE COIL IS
So into the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Unless each without the other.

Langdell.

Barley, the eminent actor, was called upon by the midnight minstrels on the morning of Christmas day. "We are the parish waits, an' please you," said the spokesman; "we played before your door last night." "You did, indeed," was his reply in mournful tones; and he looked upon his visitors with the air of a man who knew not their errand. "We have come to hope, sir," went in the chorister, "for your kind contribution." "Oh, dear," said Barley, with affected surprise, "I thought you had come to apologise!"

NOTES BY AN EX-EDITOR.

LA FAYETTE IN BALTIMORE—ANECDOTES OF HIM—REV. MR. SUMMERFIELD—PRINCE TALLEYRAND, &c.

Among the most vivid of my early recollections is the reception of La Fayette in Baltimore. The Committee of Arrangements of the City Council had provided apartments for him at the Fountain Inn, opposite the Methodist Meeting-House, in Light Street. They were furnished with costly furniture, made expressly for the occasion. Triumphant arches of beautiful classic devices, inscribed with his name, with words of welcome and with patriotic sentences, and decked with banners and garlands and wreaths of flowers, were erected at various points along the streets through which he passed. Over Baltimore Street bridge, across Jones' Falls; connecting "old town" with new town, thirteen arches were thrown, each representing one of the original States, and a grand arch embellished with the names and armorial devices of all, and typical of the Union, towered above the rest, gayly and beautifully festooned with flags and flowers and appropriate inscriptions. The military of the city of Baltimore and of neighboring cities and towns all arrayed in rich uniforms, and with arms burnished for the occasion, and numbering more than twenty thousand men, formed his escort. He was met some distance from the city by the officers of the corporation and other distinguished and eminent personages, and entered the city by West Baltimore Street, in an open barouche, drawn by six white horses, elegantly caparisoned, each with a negro groom, clad in Turkish costume, at his bridle. His immediate personal escort, as the Governor of Maryland, the Mayor of Baltimore and other high dignitaries and gentlemen of eminence, were also in open barouches. The procession extended the entire length of Baltimore Street, and over into great York Street, in Old town, and was several hours in passing any given point. Wreaths, garlands, paintings, banners and inscriptions, of the most beautiful and appropriate characters, were exhibited from the houses along the whole line of the procession. The house tops, porches, balconies, windows, trees and every possible perching or standing-place were crowded with eager spectators, while the sidewalks were thronged with men, women and children, in their holiday attire, with badges of "La Fayette," and, every now and then, shouts of "welcome to the nation's guest!" rent the air. The population of Baltimore was more than quadrupled on the occasion. Hotels, boarding houses and private dwellings were overflowing with visitors and guests. Warehouses were converted into barracks for soldiers from neighboring towns, and the fields in the vicinity of the city were turned into camps, glittering with tents and with arms of every description, and displaying "the broad stripes and bright stars" from every possible position. At night the entire city was illuminated in a style of surpassing brilliancy. Bonfires were lighted, rockets discharged, and all sorts of fire-works displayed in every direction. Transparencies of historical and patriotic subjects and devices, shone in all available places, some of them of high artistic skill, and at great cost. Lights of every possible hue, arranged as suns, moons, stars, and in letters spelling "La Fayette," and with words of greeting and of historic reference, and the names of distinguished heroes of the Revolution, of our Presidents and of other eminent patriots, gleamed from the house-fronts in every street. At the entrance to Light Street, from Baltimore Street, an arch was thrown across brilliantly lighted with gas, forming, in letters of flame, the words "Welcome to La Fayette, the nation's guest," and similar devices were exhibited in various parts of the city.

The day after the illumination, the venerable General received and shook hands with thousands in the elegant rotunda of the Exchange. He was clad in a plain black suit, frock coat, and wore an Auburn wig, which made him appear much younger than he really was. He exhibited great emotion, and the tears were constantly glistening in his eyes, and he frequently repeated the words, "I am so happy." "I am so happy." The next day he reviewed the soldiery (about 20,000) at Whitestown Point near Fort Mifflin. It was a magnificent display. The visit of La Fayette was a proud event in the annals of Baltimore. The monumental city never before saw, and perhaps may never again witness such a spontaneous and universal outburst and enthusiastic demonstration of heart-gushing patriotism.

While La Fayette was receiving the visits and welcomes of the citizens, among the rest a little elderly French gentleman, who kept a cigar store in Old town, called upon him. The moment he saluted the General's hand, and looked him in the face, they both simultaneously threw their arms over each other's shoulders, and burst into tears. This greatly astonished the crowd, who could not account for the unexpected display of excessive emotion. The cause was afterwards thus explained: La Fayette was but a youth, in his teens, when he determined on leaving France, and coming to the aid of America. Although the heir to a very considerable property, being a minor, he could not make it available for his generous purposes. In this dilemma he had applied to the venerable cigar vendor, who was then a gentleman of high standing and wealth, and he afforded to the young apostle of liberty the means of carrying out his chivalrous schemes in reference to our country. Lafayette came to America, and at the age of nineteen was Major General in the Revolutionary army, and the friend and companion of Washington. By the assistance of his old friend he had been enabled to cross the Atlantic, and equip men, and render other "material aid" to our revolutionary cause. Meanwhile his friend, through the vicissitudes and changes of the fallen dynasty, and the succeeding corrupted Republic of France, had been reduced to poverty, and forced to become an exile in that land whose liberty he had assisted the young

Baltimore was the first (and at that time the only) city in America lighted with gas. It was made entirely from resin and tar. The display was of course a great novelty then.

here to aid in achieving. After long years of separation they met. The one is a humble vendor of cigars, the other the honored guest of a great nation, receiving the welcoming salutations as the guest of millions of freemen. No wonder then at their embraces and their tears. What pride, what gratification, what joy, what memories must have welled up in one moment from their hearts, as their eyes lit the features of their souls, gushed the tributes of their feelings at their time-hallowed recollections! In the lapse of time (I grieve to say it) I have forgotten the name of the noble old cigar vendor, but I trust some other, who somewhere it will make it publicly known. It should ever be engraven on the same tablet with that of La Fayette, and both be forever held sacred in the hearts of Americans.

La Fayette had not kept pace with the growth of "Young America," well informed as he must have been. It is not to be wondered though, for even history is a legend on our track. He who had done so much to achieve the greatness of the "Great Republic," knew comparatively so little of the rapidity of her progress, that when the frigate Brandywine, (which bore him), was nearing our shores, he inquired with great anxiety—"Sir, do you think on our arrival at New York, I will find any difficulty in getting a hack to take me to a hotel?" Hundreds of thousands there—millions throughout the land, were waiting to give him welcome!

I have mentioned the Methodist Meeting-House in Light Street, opposite which were the rooms provided for La Fayette. In that venerable building I heard, when a mere child, the great Summerfield preach. He delivered a sermon to children; and I, with the rest of the school to which I was then attached, went to hear him. We were marched to the meeting-house and took our places in the body of the church, long before the preaching commenced. The parsonage of the church, occupied by a most worthy and Christian gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Tilling, ("glad tidings of great joy") was situated immediately in the rear of the church, which soon became so immensely crowded that Mr. Summerfield had to be admitted from the parsonage, in at a window near the pulpit. He was a spare-framed man, of light figure, and light hair and complexion; and with the most apostolic face that I ever saw outside of a picture-frame. He was not what we boys, (as we called on our exhibitions, and at the theatre, to see a passion torn to tatters,) would call eloquent, but he was as meek as a penitent woman, and as persuasive. Indeed, as far as I can recollect, meek persuasion was his eloquence. I shall never forget the "loving kindness" of his expression, and I will not attempt to, for I never could, describe it. On me, the impression remains as indelible as indelible.

About this time, or a year or two before or after—no matter which—I lived at the first house on York Avenue, (Balt.) Below us, about the eighth of a mile, (citywards,) were the Old Hay Stables, a few doors from which was a country store, kept by Messrs. Joseph Fry & Son, two highly respectable citizens of that section of Baltimore. Nearly opposite, in a diagonal direction, was the "Star Tavern," a sort of city-country inn, kept by Mr. Klinefelter. At this inn was a guest: a small French gentleman, thin, and rather cadaverous in appearance, with lank, darkish hair, sallow complexion, a club foot, taciturn in his manners, and much addicted to snuff-taking. This gentleman was an excellent violinist. He would often of an evening go over to Mr. Fry's store, assume a seat on the end of one of the counters, and take his violin and play, and beat time with his club foot against the side of the counter, while he kept his restless eyes roving over the countenances of his auditory, made up, chiefly, of country people who had come into town to attend market. This man was Prince Charles Maurice Talleyrand,—"the beginning of the end," of the past age. I do not assert this positively, but such is my conviction and belief; if I am wrong, I claim the benefit of the doubt in my behalf; if I am right, some of your Baltimore readers and correspondents will, perhaps, confirm me.

HINT TO AN OLD PARTY.

How should you know that you are fast?
How should you know that you are gray?
How should you, too, be certain that
You're old, and ageing every day?

Say, do young ladies glance askew?
Speak low and quick, or drop their eyes?
Or do they frankly look at you?
Chat, smile, shake hands? Old times, be wise.

REMEMBER YOUR PETS.—If you are subject to these distressing attacks, buy your clothes at a shop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterwards.

When Anacharsis, the Scythian, was travelling in Greece, he was reproached by an Athenian with the barbarity of his native land. "It is true," replied Anacharsis, "that my country is a disgrace to me, but you are a disgrace to your country."

The world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. The happy man inevitably confines himself within ancient limits.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

Isaac Vossius tells his readers, that "to build cities, surround them with walls, to assemble or disperse the people, to celebrate the praises of gods and men, to govern the fleets and armies, to accompany all the functions and ceremonies of peace and war, and to temper the human passions, were the original offices of music," and he gravely concludes by observing, "that ancient Greece may be said to have been wholly governed by the lyre."

A young lawyer of Philadelphia wrote to an old friend, near Chicago, thus:—"There is an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" Answer:—"There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no curb around it."

The affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow, yet deep within, not flowing forth like a river to seek thirty souls far and near, and gladden God's earth, nor gushing up and around like a fountain in the sun, for all who seek them, but useful, notwithstanding, and very precious each to some one individual or household.

THE ANGEL-BRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE A. FROST.

I should have known thou wouldst have died,
When fate first led me to thy side.
Thy holy eyes had sought of earth—
Thy lip no longer curved in mirth;
I should have feared thou wouldst have died,
My angel-love! my spirit-bride!

I loved thee then, I love thee yet—
Though I have striven to forget—
Through Time's dark wing hath passed my love,
I loved thee then—I love thee now—
And had I died when thou wast dead—
Thy spirit mine to heaven had led—

Thou gentle presence—in that hour
I felt thy being—knew thy power—
Thy spirit from the clay departed—
Nath watched o'er me when I slept hearted—
The evening star recalls thine eye—
The morning daisy glows thy sigh—

The forms of earth and vision air
In being like to thee are fair.
I merit not the bliss to die,
Else would I join thee in thy sky.
Pray that my sins may be forgiven,
I long to die, to reach thy heaven.

Now human things the heart deprave—
Thou art my heaven, my life, my grave.
I feel a yearning unto earth,
Which speaks the spell of mortal birth.
I love an angel loving thee—
Or scarce could I wish to cease to be.

I cherish still my marriage ring,
Keeping it as a hallowed thing.
Of the firm chain of love which binds,
It is a link which still reminds—
How'er so long on earth I stay—
No spell can charm thy spell away.

I know I have not long to stay—
To heaven and thee I will away—
Beneath God in earnest prayer,
Though I have sinned—to meet thee there.
For well I feel—full well I see—
No earthly tie bound me to thee.

The bliss, the doom, hath come at last.
My mortal frame is chilling fast.
While with the soul's clear eyes I see
Miss angel-wife approaching me
Oh! far from earth to holier things,
I soar to her on spirit-wings!

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY
LAST CRUISE."

Here we are anchored off Whampoa, twelve miles below Canton, and to see the latter place (or rather what remains of it after the bombardment), we must get into a boat and pull leisurely up with the flood-tide. We are advised not to do this, as there are lurking "braves" about the mouths of the numerous creeks that empty into the river about here; but being "military men," we say "it would not look well to be over prudent," and stepping into the company with the "baldness of so many sheep," and our revolvers, commence the tedious trip.

Upon leaving Hong Kong for this place on the 11th inst., (it is now the 14th of December, 1858,) we steamed through the numerous islands which exist between that place and "the bays," (mouth of the Canton river,) until arrived at the latter, when we passed swiftly through with the flood tide, left a ruined fort on either hand, and began passing between the endless succession of rice fields which line the banks of this river between its mouth and the city of Canton. Arriving at this place after a run of nine hours, we moored about a week, and began to look around us. The river here is probably less than half a mile wide, by an average depth of thirty feet; but before arriving at our present anchorage we crossed two bars, upon which there was only twenty-one feet of high water, and were to continue on five miles further up we should be stopped by the "barrier," over which only about twelve feet can be carried. We therefore leave the old Fort Shan safely moored, get into a "sampan," hold the two masts sail, and with a good tide and "soldier's wind," continue on without fear of finding the bottom.

An hour slips quietly away, and we find ourselves at "the barrier." The river here is about three-eighths of a mile wide, and its surface is rendered broken and irregular by sunken junks, etc., extending from bank to bank. These constitute "the barrier," and at either end of it is a heavy fort, while a third fortress down upon us from an up-river point. This barrier was created by the Chinese themselves during the opium war some twenty years since, so that when the ascending vessels of the English should be arrested by it they might be readily destroyed by the neighboring forts. The plan, however, was only partially successful, and the evil remains to this day in the shape of a permanent drawback to river navigation. As we passed between the forts we readily recognized the destroying power of shot and shell. Here it was that the American squadron not long since bombarded the Chinese for insulting our flag; and to judge from the dilapidated appearance of walls, etc., the work was well done. They are complete masses of ruins.

Another hour brings us to Canton, and what a mass of ruins do we now see before us. Perhaps the saddest of all earthly sights is that of a vast and densely populated city after a severe bombardment! And next to this is probably the sight of that city after the tide of war has rolled over it, and its starving and homeless population begins to return in straggling parties, to seek beneath the ruins of their homes for buried property, perhaps for the bones of slaughtered relatives. Such was the case at Canton about the time of our visit. I never before looked upon a scene so indicative of want, of misery, and of utter desolation. Upon whom is to rest the responsibility of bringing about this immeasurable accumulation of human woe?

We landed at the lower corner of the city wall, passed the post of a Sepoy camp, through a ruined gateway, up a sudden rise,

and then found ourselves upon the city walls, some thirty feet in width, and from thirty to fifty feet high. Four years since I had landed at the same point, and ascended to the same elevation. Then I was greeted by the shouts of a hundred Chinamen, by the noise of crowded streets, and by a threatening bearing, which finally amounted to insults, before which we were forced to retire; now only by the indications of ruin and utter desolation already spoken of. The contrast was painful in the extreme, and awakened a feeling of general commiseration. For two miles we followed the wall, with nothing on our left but confused piles of brick and mortar, and upon our right neglected fields and barren wastes. Scattered throughout the piles of rubbish on our left were half naked and emaciated human beings of both sexes and of all ages, digging with rough tools, or pointed sticks, in search of such little articles of use or value as were occasionally turned up, while upon our right the wall was torn by exploding shells, showing us through the irregular openings the neglected fields, the barren wastes, and the hill-side graves of both foreigner and native.

After walking along the wall a mile or more, we came to the first houses which still preserved anything like their former appearance. These were the "cells" for the numerous students who annually repaired to Canton for examination before they could be pronounced competent to fill offices of State. In these they were locked up, each one by himself, with the questions propounded, and allowed no communication with any one until their tasks were completed, or until the usual time granted for such completion had expired. I suppose there were from fifteen hundred to two thousand of these "cells," all ranged in rows, like so many horse-stalls. They were surrounded by a square stone enclosure, and covered probably an area of ten acres—a large slice even from so large a city as Canton.

Leaving these cells in our rear, and passing by post after post of the Sepoy troops, which had been brought from India under English officers, we finally gained the apparent end of the ruins, ascended the steps of a five-storied pagoda, and commanded an extensive view of the entire city. Descending again we left the wall, and began passing through the first streets we had yet encountered. We now began to see signs of reviving trade and industry, but still almost every other house that we passed was either closed or in ruins. It seemed as if a shell had exploded, crumbling one, sometimes two houses into a mass of shapeless rubbish. After awhile we found ourselves near the centre of the city, and at the entrance to the pleasure grounds which surround the "Yamoon," or city residence of the former Tartar General. It must here be remembered that most Chinese cities have two governments, civil and military. The former having charge of the general direction of affairs, and the latter being in command of all the imperial troops in the neighborhood. This latter is invariably a Tartar, and as such is supposed to watch vigilantly over the interests of the Emperor, lest his Chinese Governor should feel disposed to play the State false.

We found these grounds and the extensive one-story brick house in the centre spreading over ten or fifteen acres of ground, though situated in the very heart of the city. Fruit and shade-trees of various kinds spread out their densely covered limbs between us and the mid-day sun, and a dozen or more graceful antelopes which had so far escaped both the exploding shells of the bombardment, and the knife of the European butcher, peered at us through thick hedges of bamboo. There were artificial fish ponds, too, and romantic looking grottoes sprinkled here and there, and wide shady walks bending around clumps of trees, taking us, we knew not where. Altogether it was a delightful spot, and indicated as good a knowledge of gardening and "landscape painting" in its projects as any grounds I ever saw. In fact the Chinese are remarkable for skill and taste in laying out grounds.

We found the Tartar General's Yamoon, as we had previously found the five-storied pagoda, occupied by English and French troops and officers. We saw also something which looked very natural, a large apartment filled with straight-backed benches, and having a regular pulpit at its further end. Prayer-books were scattered here and there, and we subsequently learned that had we arrived a half-hour sooner we might have listened to the end of an Episcopal sermon. For the day was the Sabbath, and the "large apartment" had been appropriated as a regimental meeting-house.

Leaving the Yamoon, we again entered the city, and directed our steps toward the large porcelain establishment of Ku-shing, the great "Chinese merchant." But before losing sight of it (the Yamoon) let me observe that it was surrounded by a heavy stone wall and moat, and that its grounds were only to be entered by passing through one of the two strong gateways by which the wall was perforated. The persons who built "the city residence of the Tartar General" were evidently awake to the possibility of periodical rebellions.

"Ku-shing" received us with great politeness. His establishment had just been reopened, (it seems that all the shops and warehouses had been closed during, and for some time after the bombardment,) and he showed us wares of the most beautiful workmanship, some of which had been shattered by the hostile shells. I was surprised to find Chinese china much more expensive than the finest French porcelain, and subsequently learned that this fact was so well established, that most Europeans in China imported their crockery from England and France.

Canton is at present held by about 600,000 English and French troops, and they probably retain possession of it until the several amounts claimed for the expenses of the war by the Allies are liquidated. It is hardly possible to say when these payments will be made, as the money must be obtained from the future receipts of the Canton custom-house, or from the voluntary subscriptions of the larger Chinese merchants, who are anxious to see things restored to their former condition. It is still more impossible to predict when Canton itself will recover from the heavy blow which its prosperity as a commercial city has received by the late bombardment.

ROTHSCHILD,
AND HOW HE MADE HIS FORTUNE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was towards the end of September, 1795, after having appealed to all nations to engage in breaking the empire of tyranny, the French Convention raised and dispersed over Europe an army of three hundred thousand men, destined to serve as a support to its revolutionary doctrines.

Great and small, powerful and weak despots alike fled before them, one and all, on the wings of fear. Many among them at the approach of the republican troops did not take time to pack up their treasures.

A German prince, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, seeing the revolutionary flag on the borders of his states, had sufficient courage and coolness not to imitate those who ran away with empty pockets. He packed up his diamonds, with two or three millions of thalers, and took the road to Frankfurt, where he thought he would be able to place his fortune securely.

Once arrived in the old imperial city, he hurried to the dwelling of a petty Jewish banker, named Meyer Rothschild, who had more children than dollars, but was a skillful archæologist.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel having a passion for the antique, professed great admiration for the old Jew's science. For five or six years Meyer had been the furnisher to his Serene Highness' medal-maker. He kept up a succinct correspondence, and the prince had never had cause to complain at a dishonest sale, nor any kind of deception in their mutual affairs.

To this man did the prince confide his six millions of property.

Immediately afterwards Frankfurt surrendered to the French troops, and Meyer Rothschild was completely ruined. Like the phoenix, he rose, however, from the ashes of his former self, and became richer than ever; but the Landgrave's property remained untouched.

The ruin of the banker had led Prince Hesse-Cassel to believe that all his property was swallowed up, of course; but a faint hope led him to Frankfurt in 1802.

"I am as poor as Job," said he to Rothschild. "You poor! my lord! I have your deposit in perfect safety. I have increased it even. I can restore you the whole, with five per cent. interest."

The prince burst into tears. "Meyer," said he, "keep my money. Increase it if you wish. For twenty years I will not see a receipt, and I will only take two per cent. interest."

Thus it was that the house of Rothschild became arch-millions.

Old Meyer died in 1812. At his death-bed he made his five sons, Anselmo, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James promise to remain Jews, and never to disjunct their interests.

The deposit of Hesse-Cassel continued to prosper in the hands of the five sons. James, the youngest of the family, and the hero of this notice, obtained for his share of the enormous wealth possessed by his family in 1814, two hundred millions of francs. France borrowed this to pay its enemies.

A financial alliance had been organised by the brothers, embracing the five capitals of Europe—Frankfurt, Vienna, Naples, London, and Paris. Their house lent to the Russian and Austrian Emperors, to the Kings of Prussia, England, Denmark, Naples and Sardinia.

They were informed of the least fluctuation in public funds at different commercial headquarters. They only operated in what was certain, and their operations were wrapped in impenetrable secrecy, a sure guarantee of success in speculation.

Nothing could now arrest those Jews, they were the creditors of kings and of nations. From one end of the continent to the other kings loaded them with honor.

They were made barons, and their posterity of both sexes ennobled by letters patent at the court of Vienna. The King of Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt received them among their Aulic counselors. All kinds of orders and crosses were worn by these children of Israel—and the haughty autocrat of the north loaded them with titles and with respect.

Three of the sons of old Meyer seem to have inherited his genius in financial matters, Nathan, Solomon, and James.

Nathan made a fortune of thirty million francs, which he squandered by the invasion of 1815.

This celebrated financier died in 1836.

James Rothschild wished at one time to cause his wife to be received at court, (he had married his own niece, the daughter of his brother Solomon.) This kind of marriage is authorized by the law of Moses. This lady—Madame de Rothschild, a true lady—of great distinction in her manners, would have appeared to great advantage at the Tuilleries.

Unfortunately, the Duchess of Angoulême was consulted. Greatly scandalized she exclaimed: "The place of a duchess to a Jewess! Do you forget that the king is His Very Christian highness?"

The Barones and Baron had to renounce their ambitious hope.

The King who was too proud to offer income unto Real, was compelled, with all other European monarchs, to do without the assistance of Baron Rothschild.

James Rothschild is noted for his meanness. He gave five thousand florins to the poor of Frankfurt, which, in proportion to his fortune, was the same as if he had given two cents.

At a fair a pretty lady asked him to give something to the poor, and held out her bag to him. He had already dropped something into it when her head was turned away.

"I had already given something," "I beg your pardon," said the lady. "I believe it is—but I did not see it."

"And I," said the witty Princess of C—, who stood by, "I saw it, but I do not believe it."

"Ah!" said Barthe, "I believe it, deep grief is mute!"

The same Baron de Rothschild was capable of acts of marvellous generosity.

Replied by the old court, the Barones Rothschild was welcomed by the new one. Under Louis Philippe, Rothschild flourished like a "green bay tree."

Henry Heine, the writer, though cordially received by the banker made him sometimes the subject of his merry jests.

"What does Lauryms-Christi mean?" asked the Jew—apropos to some splendid wine on his table.

"It means that Christ sheds tears when Jews drink such wine as this," said Heine. The Baron was obliged to laugh. A deputy once asked Rothschild (who was sometimes very rude,) whether his health was good.

"Good enough," said the Baron. "And Madame is Baronesse is well, I hope?" "What business is that of yours?" answered Rothschild.

He amused himself sometimes with humiliating those who only tolerated his society on account of his wealth, and had the insolence to receive the Ambassador of Vienna without offering him a seat.

On another occasion, when the Prince of Wurtemberg was dining with him— "Paul," said he, "will you have some of this stew?"

The Prince looked at him, and then turning to his servant, who stood behind him— "Don't you hear, your royal, the Baron is speaking to you!" exclaimed he, and rising immediately, he left the table and the house.

He sometimes by way of a choice witicism, says to those who come to his house, which cost three millions— "Have you done me the honor to come to this dog kennel?"

"Baron," said Heine to him, "you may say such things to yourself, if you like, but it is not polite to say them to other people."

Baron's "Baron Nuchingen," is Baron Rothschild. He paid six thousand crowns to the writer to suppress this character from his works.

Rothschild occasionally makes a joke at the expense of the "faithful" themselves. His nephew said that he would give a thousand francs to know the author of a certain book.

"Nothing is easier, nephew—advertise the reward, and if it is a Jew who wrote it, he will come for the money."

Rothschild attempted to beat down the price asked him by Horace Vernet for his portrait, which the artist refused to paint for less than five hundred francs. The financier ran away in horror. Vernet stopped him, and told him that he would do it for nothing.

It stands in the picture of La Smala, the old man running away with a caudal of gold and jewels. Sordid avarice and fright are depicted there as they had been on Rothschild's face when running from the artist's studio.

Louis Philippe was obliged to mortgage Madame Adelaide's property on one occasion, in order to "screw a loan" out of the old Baron.

He sent thirty thousand francs to Marc Casatiere, and when complimented on his generosity answered, "Oh! I shall get back double."

Felix S—, a commercial man of great merit, wished to borrow a hundred thousand francs of Rothschild, for a vast enterprise; the banker refused the loan; "But come with me," said he, "you shall have it without its costing anything."

He took him to the Bourse, walked arm-in-arm with him a few moments, and then left him.

Scarcely had they parted, when, as Rothschild expected, twenty capitalists went up to the man honored by the intimacy of the "king of finance," and placed their money and credit at his disposal.

Baron Rothschild has declared France to be the richest country in the world.

At Rothschild's house is one great curiosity, the sword of Henry the Fourth, carried by him at Arques and at Ivry. It was bought by the Baron for sixteen hundred francs, at the sale of the Moutville collection.

Poor, proud sword! it never thought to come to such a pass!

The game killed by the Baron's guests at his hunting parties, is sold by the Baron!

As regards appearance the Baron is no Adonis, although he attempts to be very gallant to ladies.

A lady, (a Marchioness,) gave orders to her coachman, to upset her in front of the Baron's hotel. She pretended to faint, and was carried into the house. The Baron was holding salts to her nose, and pressing her hand, when she opened her eyes languidly, and said, "It is not salts, I want, my dear Baron—but bank notes!"

The Archbishop of Malines, on one occasion, bade Rothschild pass first—he did so.

"Monseigneur," said Heine, who stood by, "my friend may be thought rude—but you know the Old Testament precedes the New."

Savinian Lapointe, the shoemaker, who makes verses like a shoemaker, and shoes like a poet, applied to Madame de Rothschild to assist a poor family, and was refused; the next day he related his rebuff in a newspaper of vast circulation, with the additional words: "The rich man who knows of misery, and does not aid it, ought to be branded with a red hot iron."

One morning a lady who met with a similar reception, told a story about Madame de Rothschild having run over a blind man in the street, and said that she left him there, after throwing her purse full of gold at him, without taking him home "for fear his blood would soil her carriage-cushion."

A coachman having restored to him a pocket-book full of bank notes to an immense value: "Give five hundred francs to the foot," said Rothschild.

Cremer, the celebrated lawyer, once visited him.

"Are you really Mr. Cremer?" said the Baron. "It seems to me Mr. Cremer ought to be a larger man."

"Are you really Mr. Rothschild the banker?" answered Cremer. "It seems to me that M. de Rothschild ought to be a smaller man."

M. de Rothschild is sixty-three years of age. Hoping he may grow less stingy, we bid him good-by.

FLORENCE AVENEL.

THE OLD STORY.

He came across the meadow-poor.
That summer-ewe of even—
The twilight streamed along the grass
And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the garden-trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart,
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed;
Within the little porch he sat,
With woodbine overreached;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh;
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft old idle he;
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments, sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies, as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while,
For now it is a fitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An Angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair.
But still they hid their look of light,
Those downward eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,
Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And save one thrush from out the hedge,
Both bower and grove were still.
The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one reluctant ray
Still loved within that porch to dwell,
As charmed there to stay—
It stole about the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodbine fringe,
And kissed the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

Oh! beauty of my heart, he said,
Oh! darling, darling mine,
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die?
A moment from that hushing thought
She felt his footstep nigh.
One sudden, lifted glance—but one,
A tremor and a start,
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunk down,
And all his golden hail
Had died away to lines of brown,
In darker hues that fall.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground—
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
New forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriadfold, supreme,
No rival monarch strove;
Nay lovelier ere was Heper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That reeked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes.

And if two worlds of hidden thought
And longing passion met,
Which, passing human language, sought
And found an utterance yet;
And if they trembled as the flowers
That droop across the stream,
And muse the while the starry hours
Wait o'er them like a dream;
And if, when came the parting time,
They flattered still and clung;
What is it all—an ancient rhyme
Ten thousand times besung—
That part of Paradise which man
Without the portal knew—
Which hath been since the world began,
And shall be till its close.

—From the Ballads of Ireland.

THE COMMANDER AT BUNKER'S HILL.—The following extract from the contemporary press of the Revolution, is found in Mr. Frank Moore's forthcoming "Diary of the Revolution."

"June 17, 1775.—Last evening Colonel Putnam took possession of Bunker's Hill, with about two thousand men, and began an entrenchment, which they had made some progress in, when, at eight o'clock this morning, a party of regulars landed at Charlestown, and fired that town at different places. Under cover of the smoke, a body of about five thousand men marched up to the American entrenchments, and made a furious and sudden attack. They were driven back three times, and when they were making the third attack, one of the Americans imprudently spoke aloud that 'their powder was all gone,' which being heard by some of the regular officers, they encouraged their men to walk up to the trenches, with fixed bayonets, and entered them, on which the Americans were ordered to retreat, which they did with all speed, till they got out of gunshot. They then formed, but were not pursued."

JENKINS'S MODE OF DISCIPLINING HIS CHILDREN.
"He waxes a portion with judicious care."
—N. Y. Saturday Press.

The Supreme Court was engaged yesterday, in hearing the application of the Bank Commissioners for an injunction upon the Mount Vernon Bank. One of the Commissioners stated that he visited the bank and found a variety of notes as a part of the assets of the bank, among which was one signed "A. Gale." "A very good name to raise the wind with," interrupted the Chief Justice.—*Providence Post.*

AUSTRALIAN SERVANT GIRLS.

The Australian servant girl is a nuisance. She demands £35 a year, two holidays a week, and any number of followers. One night I was awakened from sleep with a violent fit of coughing, and, almost frightened out of my life by a strong smell of fire pervading the room. I leapt out of bed, opened the door, and hearing a noise overhead, called up to the servant, to know if she had set fire to anything? "No! sir, no," she answered, with all the snarls in the world; "it's only a friend of mine, who has looked in after supper, smoking his pipe." A second girl left as the same day our child was born. She wasn't used to live in a house with a regiment of children. Another, after going to bed one night as usual, at three o'clock in the morning tapped at our chamber door, affectionately bade us farewell, darted from the house, carrying an umbrella with her, and was never seen by us afterwards. Three or four days subsequent to her flight, we received the umbrella and the following letter:—"Miss Maryann presents Her dutiful respect, and she trusts and Prays U will not b Ankh-house on her account. I am going 2 b married on Friday nex." The majority of the colonial servant girls are provokingly detestable, and this is accounted for by the fact that the good ones get married immediately after their arrival. On the other hand, and as a set-off to this, it cannot be lost sight of, that there are but few comfortable situations in Australia. Both in Melbourne and Sydney, girls are hired at the offices of labor agents, where they assemble each morning, dressed in the height of fashion, waiting for employment. Towards the end of last year crinolines had reached its fullest breadth in Sydney, and I was much amused one day to see a notification posted on the door-post of the little office of one of these labor agents worded as follows:—"Ladies coming to this establishment to be hired will greatly oblige by sitting as near together as possible, as for the last day or two many persons desiring to engage domestics have found it impossible to gain admittance." The following is a verbatim transcript of a conversation I overheard between a tall, broad-shouldered Scotchwoman and a young housewife about two-and-twenty, who wished to engage her:—"Do you desire a situation?" "Not particularly." "Are you open to an engagement?" "Well—yes." "I want a general servant." "Have you a large family?" "No; I have one little child." "Is it a cross child?" "Oh, dear! no—quite the contrary." "Do you keep any other servant?" "We have a very useful boy." "Who would wait at table?" "Yes." "And run of errands?" "Yes." "And open the door?" "Yes." "And clean the knives and boots?" "Yes." "And assist in the house-work?" "Well, I—." "And nurse the infant?" "Oh, no! that would be your duty." "Then I am very sorry I cannot engage you. I am neither a pambulator nor a baby-jumper, ma'am! I have chosen to adhere to the truth, and if the colloquy does not raise a laugh, it will, at all events, serve to illustrate the relative position of mistresses and domestics on the other side of the world."—*Southern Lights and Shadows.*

THE PARISIAN DOG-DOCTOR.

A few weeks ago, the Countess K—, a Russian lady of great wealth, alarmed at the illness of a favorite King-Charles spaniel, sent a servant for the well-known Doctor B—, whose professional practice is wholly canine.

At the appointed hour, enter the M. D.—a tall, thin, bald gentleman of most dignified politeness of manner, and dressed in the profound black, his boots of the most spotlessly varnished leather, showing that he had come in his equipage.

"And where is your interesting invalid, Madam?"

"The dog lay on a cushion at the feet of the Countess, and the doctor prepared to take a diagnosis of the disease. First unglowing his right hand, he caressed his patient till his confidence was won, then examined his tongue, felt his pulse, tried the pressure of his loins, and, with ear lowered to the dog's head, observed his breathings.

"Madam! the case is serious!"

"Oh, doctor! try, at least, what medicine can do for him. I so love that little creature!"

"But, madam! the complaint is more a moral than a physical one, I fear. Will madam allow me to ask if she has another favorite, at present?"

"No other dog in the world! No pet whatever, except the parrot in the cage, yonder—a feathered favorite with which my spaniel has nothing to do.

"And does the dog see you feed the parrot?"

"Of course, but it is only nuts and fruit that I give to the bird, and the dog, of course, eats meat."

"Ah, but, madam, dogs have hearts, and wish to be exclusively loved; and yours, madam, allow me to assure you, is dying of jealousy!"

"Nothing more certain, madam! I see it by the way he steals an unwilling look at the bird, then sighs and drops his head. You observe, by the other symptoms, that the liver, the seat of jealousy, is attacked. From the torpid action of the remaining organs he is now getting feverish and jaundiced. Unless there is an immediate change in the action, he will die in a week."

"But how—pray tell me how to produce the change?"

"First, and that speedily, remove the bird! Then, madam, have no absences for which the dog cannot account. Other corroborative treatment, of course, such as light nourishment, fresh air and exercise; but, above all, expulsion of the parrot, beyond sight, smell, or hearing!"

The doctor rose, and drew on his gloves, received with gracious courtesy the gold coin which paid him for his visit, and bowed himself out.

Following his advice most implicitly, the Countess saved her dog.

LOST EDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have wandered back to-day
To Childhood's lovely bowers;
Pais Memory led me to the gate,
Beside the crimson flowers.

Oh, dare I enter? Would it not
Be wiser to forgo
This draught of Joy's delicious wine,
Then drain its dregs of woe?

I cannot stop: I hear the bells
Of merry laughter ringing,
And on the pear tree straight and tall,
I hear the linnet singing.

A taste of spice is in the air,
The sky is blue and free;
The red-bird like an autumn leaf
Sways on the maple tree.

The trefill bright as sunset glows
All o'er the meadow's face;
And golden blooms and snow-flowers shine,
Like stars in Eden's vase.

Beneath the vine-leaves green and broad,
Gay children dance and sing;
With Happiness, their playmate fair,
A prisoner in the ring.

And in the brook their tiny boats
They launch with careful hand,
And wade out in the stream to push
The fairy bark from land.

Oh, angel bowers! Oh, Eden bliss!
In all the coming years
Must I an exile from thy shores
Look back through blinding tears?

Shall Youth no more my playmate be
In the fields of new-mown hay?
Shall I no more with my sister sweet
Pick violets in May?

Pittsburg, Pa. E. A. M.

THE EBONY CASKET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNESS.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

Three years were gone. I sat alone in my little chamber overlooking the Rhine. The blue smoke lazily curled from the chimneys of the cottages, and hung in a light silvery cloud over the green vineyards.

It was an English evening. The purplish tint of the clouds in the west reminded me of an English sunset, and back forthwith flew my thoughts to England and to years long past. I looked round at the quaint furniture in my room, glanced at the red roof of the village, and the old tower upon the hill staring down in "all the blank significance of loss," listened to the sound of the viol, and the cheery laugh of the peasants dancing on the green below, so natural and homelike did it all appear to me now, that I could not realize that only three years had passed since I left Halstone Hall.

Three years of anxious watching and ceaseless care they had been to me. Of that I need not speak now; it is enough to say that my care and nursing had been in vain. My brother had gone where there is no more sorrow or pain, to that land "where an enemy never enters, and from which a friend never went away."

My thoughts, as I have said, went back to England and to Halstone Hall, and I remembered, with an uneasy twinge of conscience that I had not remembered it sooner, that it was now October, the very time fixed for Margaret to make her decision. How that decision would be made I well knew. She at least had her life's path marked out in sunshine; she loved, and was beloved. The thought occurred to me that I also ought to be present on the decisive day. I wondered if Margaret would think of it and write for me. I would like to go, I thought; it would be one bright day at least in my cloudy life to see my darling happy.

But was this happiness so secure? The question flashed on me as I remembered a certain indefinable shadow in her last letters, which had affected me unpleasantly while reading them, though occupied by my own sorrows I had not dwelt upon it long. Rising, I brought from my escritoire a package of letters which I had received since leaving Halstone Hall. I glanced over them all. There were childlike notes from Amy, full of extravagant protestations of affection and remembrance. Margaret's were more quiet in tone—she had never failed to write; humble, simple letters they were all, about Gilbert and Amy and Mrs. Vicars; the tenants, too, none were forgotten—yet never by any chance mentioning herself. There were some written to me when my brother died, (she wrote often then,) which brought the quick tears to my eyes. Most of all she always talked of Amy, how beautiful she was, and how beloved; it amused me to see how she recollected every little homage paid to the child's beauty or winning ways. Amy herself had ceased to write to me. Of Gilbert, Margaret spoke more seldom, and then it was to tell of his success in the university. But a duller eye than mine could read in the few words how entirely he filled the world for her; how "Gilbert" was the end, the aim of all her fears and hopes; with how lowly a sense of thankfulness she accepted the love he bestowed on her, as a blessing so far beyond her merit, that she scarcely dared to claim it as her own. The letters written in the spring of the year not yet past, were different from any others. Gilbert was at home, and for the first time Margaret's life seemed to have blossomed into a full luxuriance of joy and hopeful trust. Gilbert was with her, and I gathered from each chance expression, was all love and devotion. There were but few letters after these. He returned to the university, but would be at the Hall in October. Yet through these latter letters there breathed a strange air of restraint I had never marked before; a constant effort it appeared to me to write cheerfully under the weight of some sharp poignant sorrow. Could Gilbert's affection for her be wavering? At the thought I felt my blood rush quicker in an angry flow through my veins.

But no, many unconscious expressions showed her trust in him was unaltered. I read the letters carefully over. There was no allusion to define the dread which seemed to overshadow her. It might perhaps be but some casual melancholy. Margaret was always gloomy, even when a child, and the near approach of the day which was to change her whole fate, though it confirmed her happiness, would naturally make her thoughtful.

I sat with the letter still open in my hand, when the little Gretchen opened the door, and putting in her rosy face announced a gentleman to see madam. I looked over her shoulder and saw a tall figure in the background. It came hastily forward, and stood facing the light. I could not be mistaken—the same little, agile figure, fair face, and frank, free gesture.

"Gilbert! Mr. Halstone!" I said, hesitatingly.

"Gilbert—always to you, Aunt Courtney," he said.

"Aunt Courtney." The children used to call me so.

He lifted my hand to his lips in the old boyish way, and sat down on my easy-chair with the quick genial air of long ago. I was touched, gratified, and hurrying away my letters sat down.

"I have come for you to carry you away," he said—"a hasty warning, I know, but you must come. I was in Paris when I received Margaret's letter bidding me call for you on my way home. The fatal day approaches," he added, with a light laugh, "when Margaret is to make her decision."

"You have not many fears of the result?" I said.

He laughed again.

"No, Margaret has been faithful enough to her uncle's will. Duty and inclination with her go hand in hand."

"Your lot is a fortunate one, Mr. Halstone, (in spite of all his frankness I could not call him Gilbert.) You enter into the possession of one of the finest estates in England, and obtain one of the most lovable wives at the same time."

"You are mistaken," he said dryly, "I am not yet to be put in possession of the Hall, although I have reached my majority. Some tedious form of the law requires a year's delay."

A dark shadow passed over his face for an instant, giving it the expression of extreme age. It was gone like a flash; but I remembered how often I had noticed the same peculiarity long ago. The evening passed swiftly by. I have never met with a more brilliant or fascinating companion than Gilbert Halstone.

With a magical intuition he seemed to comprehend the peculiarities of character of every one, and so adapted himself instantaneously to them. He possessed the grand secret of pleasing, the art of making others pleased with themselves.

I found my arrangements could be so made as to enable me to accompany him to England the next day. One day's travelling, says the old proverb, develops character more than a year's friendship. Most untrue proved the proverb in this instance; for when we reached the end of our journey, I was more at a loss to comprehend the character of my companion than when we started. It seemed almost sacrilege to doubt the frank generous nature of the man, yet at times an enervated word, a half seen look would make me doubt all, and feel that it was but a consummate actor which I saw before me, who would throw off his mask presently and stand forward in his true character.

We arrived the day before we were expected, late in the evening. The carriage drove through the long avenue of forest trees, and stopped in front of the chief entrance to the Hall.

"Margaret! they have come; they have come," called a clear, silvery voice, as a fairy figure in white came bounding through the shrubbery.

I cannot describe Amy as I saw her then. When I try to recall her, I have only a vision of something white and radiant, of waving golden ringlets, and flashing blue eyes. Yet, light and lovely and warm as was the form that sprang to me, I looked beyond it to another, which followed, I noticed then, with a strangely hesitating step. Could that be Margaret? The ungainly form had grown soft and rounded; the yellow face had changed to a delicate wax-like fairness; the Auburn ringlets lay coiled in waving folds around the small, classic head. Yet Margaret was not even now a brilliantly beautiful woman. Over the slightly stooping figure, and the pale, delicate features there reigned a meek submissive air of humility, that seemed to implore pity rather than to challenge admiration.

"Child Margaret!" I whispered involuntarily, as I clasped her in my arms. The half-pitying appellation of her infancy seemed to suit her still. She placed her fingers on my hair, and ran them lightly over my face—then turned to meet Gilbert. I watched, with a smile, the rose flush mount into her pale cheeks, and tinge even her forehead, as he came near. Then I went with Amy into the drawing-room to meet Mrs. Vicars. She was a short, plump little woman, always dressed in brown satin, and talking in whispers. I disliked her from the first. Yet she was always kind to Margaret, I believe.

As the evening passed, I relapsed into my old habit of quiet observation; something I could not define; threw a restraint over us all. Mrs. Vicars sat silent, working at her eternal Berlin wool. Margaret was by me, eagerly listening to my history of the last three years. Amy, apparently forgetful of us all, sat idly touching her harp strings. Gilbert, of course, was beside his betrothed. One thing surprised me. She showed no confusion when he addressed her—none of the shyness which I had looked for; nor was her manner that of one so assured of her own affection, and that of her betrothed, that further concealment was unnecessary. She received every look or word from him with a strangely hopeless, wistful look, that was to me inexplicable. That she loved him, I did not for an instant doubt. At the slightest word he uttered, her color rose, and then faded as suddenly, leaving the sharp expression of pain on her face. Gilbert seemed entirely unconscious of this, or if he noticed it,

ascribed it to timidity. One time particularly, I remember.

In passing through the rooms, as Margaret and Amy were showing me the alterations that had been made, we entered the library. The sun was setting behind a heavy bank of clouds. It was the very spot, and the scene was the same as that of three years before. One actor was wanting. Margaret seemed to read my thoughts.

"Philip," she said, "will be here to-morrow."

I looked at Gilbert. Again the ghastly shadow on his face. It was gone instantly.

"Philip has done well," he said, in a cordial tone; "he has struggled manfully, and has refused assistance."

"Assistance," said Margaret, warmly, "which Gilbert has offered again and again."

Gilbert made a faint deprecatory motion of his hand.

"Mrs. Courtney ought to know it," said Amy. "As Mr. Crofts would say, the public think it a most magnanimous act, and as for Margaret—" She laughed. And I glanced at Margaret. Again the sad, hopeless smile; again the quick, uncertain movement of the hand, as if to repel some threatened danger.

"We have never seen Philip Stamford," pursued Amy, "since my uncle's death. To-morrow he will be here."

We left the library as she said this.

"Look! Mrs. Courtney," said Gilbert, "at this conservatory. Do you see those crimson roses falling over the marble vases, and the purple campanulas? That is Margaret's taste. Is it not exquisite? She and I planned it all in May. My November, dearest, the flowers will be faded, I fear, but I shall find enough of rose-buds on our wedding-day, to crown my saintly queen."

I caught this last whispered sentence, and glanced at Margaret.

Oh, perverse, discontented heart! what meant that warm smile, that weary groping hand?

"You are pale, Margaret; come out with me into the open air. Let us walk under the chestnut trees."

"Yes," she answered eagerly; "once more, Gilbert, once more."

I watched them as they passed slowly down the avenue; she with that strangely hesitating step and wistful eye, he treading firmly at her side, the last rays of the sun flashing on his white forehead; now and then he looked down at her to ask her advice about some alterations in the grounds, which he was pointing out. She spoke but seldom; but her cheek grew paler and paler, and after they returned she continued silent until we parted for the night.

I awakened the next morning early, while the rose had scarcely tinged the gray dawn. The sound of music, which had roused me, grew more distinct, and I recognized one of Schubert's songs, a favorite of mine many years ago. She remembered it, then? remembered that it was my favorite, and remembered too my old fancy for being awakened by music.

The foolish child, Margaret! But as I thought this, the sudden tears rolled down my withered cheeks. Well, it was idle enough, but it was not often that my fancies were thus humored. Margaret came in, and came to the side of the bed.

"Tears, aunt Courtney!" she said in a laughing voice, though it trembled a little too as she passed her hand lightly over my face, and stooped and kissed me. She drew out a low foot-stool, and sat down by the window, and while I made my toilet told me of all the little home news which I had not yet heard. The day was one of brilliant sunshine, and until evening the house was filled by a crowd of visitors; yet amid the confusion I kept a strict watch on Gilbert and his betrothed. His manner towards her, as towards every one else, was confident and frank, as became an acknowledged lover. Hers was as singular as on the evening before. Towards strangers her simple humility and her reserve gave her manner a charm that I never had seen surpassed. She sat quietly in one end of the drawing-room, only leaving her seat when Mrs. Vicars called to her; her gentle smile was always ready to welcome each new comer. Only when the cheering tones of Gilbert's voice was heard, I saw the sudden pallor on her cheek, and the wan wistful gaze. As evening approached we were left alone, and gathered around the fire in the music room. Margaret entered last. I saw her hesitate a moment, and then crossing the room quickly, throw herself down on a heap of cushions near Gilbert's feet. The action was sudden, and seemed to surprise even him. Her timid shyness was all gone; with a feverish sort of wild gait she entered into the conversation, replied to Amy's brilliant sallies, and laughed now and then in a low tone that startled and frightened me.

The clock struck midnight ere we rose to retire.

"Do not go," she said hurriedly. "It is the last night, aunt Courtney. Come, Gilbert, let us sing together." She sprang up and seated herself at the harp. Gilbert joined her; their voices chorused exquisitely; song followed song, all brilliant and joyous, while the hectic flush mounted higher and brighter on her cheek.

"It is past midnight," said Mrs. Vicars, pointing to Amy, whose bright blue eyes were growing heavy.

"One more song," pleaded Gilbert, "our old English ballad, 'The morning that soon will dawn,' stooping as he spoke and adding a whispered word in her ear. The flush was gone from her cheek. Again the wild imploring look like a hunted deer at bay, and the strange, quick motion of the hand! Then she bent over the harp and touched a few discordant notes, and then instead of the joyous, buoyant song we waited for, her voice rose with a thrilling clearness in the deepening pathos of Beethoven's 'Good night.' Something in the tones startled even Mrs. Vicars, when suddenly her voice faltered, her hand clasped the strings with a harsh discord, and her head sank forward on her breast. Whatever was the effort she was making it had proved too much for her strength. The swoon was long and deep; when her consciousness returned I made them carry her to my own chamber, and leave me alone with her. She lay weak and sobbing like a hurt child, and like a child I soothed and caressed her. Poor motherless girl! What

strange pain could have so withered her young heart as to cause the heavy apathy with which her head sank on my shoulder, and the pitiful pleading look in her wandering eyes?

"Margaret," I whispered, "what is it that pains you? Can it be that this marriage is hateful to you?" Her heart bounded as if suddenly struck; she raised herself, and stood before me white and still. "You are still free," I said. "Do you not love Gilbert Halstone?"

"Love him?" she said in a husky, unnatural voice. "He never can doubt that, never! It is because I love him as I do that I will go from him, that I will make my life a living death. Oh! aunt Courtney," she said, suddenly catching my arm, "must I do it? Is there no other way, no hope without this?"

I was frightened at her violence. "Child Margaret," I said soothingly. She grew calm, and raising her head, turned her face toward the blue sky and the cool air from the open window. So she sat for a long time silent. I fancied that she slowly gathered in the pale face a peculiar light and meaning. At last she turned, and said quietly:

"Aunt Courtney, do you remember the curse of the Halstones?" The weak heart and the faltering hand! She paused a moment, then rising, drew her mantle around her, and stooped to kiss me on the forehead. "Good-night," she said calmly, "my heart shall not be weak, nor my hand falter," and so went out of the room with a firm step.

The next morning was dark and gusty—I rose late, and descending to the library, stood by the window watching the heavy clouds which a fierce wind drove rapidly over the sky, giving place now and then to a brilliant flash of sunlight. Gilbert came up the lawn, singing to himself, and entered the room.

"Where is Margaret?" was his first greeting; "she has not been visible this morning. I fear the little excitement of to-day will increase her illness. Have you seen Philip Stamford yet?" he went on hurriedly. "He came yesterday, but only saw my cousins, I believe. Ah, Margaret!" He sprang forward and caught her hand.

I had never seen her look so beautiful. The soft, rich folds of her crimson dress threw a faint flush upon her colorless cheeks. The meek head was slightly bowed, while a passing ray of sunlight rested like a halo on the crown of Auburn ringlets.

"The morning has dawned, Margery," exclaimed Gilbert, "despite your sad song of good-night."

"It has not dawned for me," she said, with the old sudden motion of her hand.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, impatiently, "why do you persist in this strange whim? Are pale cheeks and hopeless sighs the most cheering greetings you can give to the day that makes you mine? Is this a sign of the happiness with which I had hoped your heart was filled, as well as mine? In another hour you will acknowledge me as your betrothed, before the witnesses appointed by my uncle's will. Do you intend," he added, trying to conceal his anger beneath a jesting tone, "do you intend, Margery, to come like a sacrifice to the altar, and win pity as well as admiration?"

She drew away from him, and steadied herself against the marble pillar on which she leaned.

"Margaret!"

"Hush!" she said, in a husky whisper. "Wait one moment." She grew a little paler than before; her thin fingers interlaced nervously; then in a low, quiet voice, she said, "I wished to see you, Gilbert, before the others come. I wish to tell you here alone—that I can never be your wife. Do not speak." Her low tones, in their even flow, stopped the passionate exclamation of the young man. He stood in astonished silence looking at her.

"Never, Gilbert. And that being so, it is better that we part to-day, and forever. I wish to ask of you but one thing—never, whatever you may think of what I do, never doubt that I loved you."

He found voice now.

"Margaret, you are mad," he caught her hands. She drew them quickly away, and looked them in the same convulsive clasp. He stooped down. What wild, passionate words he uttered, I know not. Twice she tried to speak, but in vain. Yet even as he spoke, I thought that the purple flush on his face, the swollen veins in his forehead, told more of anger than of hurt affection. Why did she not see it? Why could she not see the intense selfishness of the man breaking out in this hour of trial? She stooped her head humbly bent, while the storm of bitter reproaches poured down on her. At last, in the same low, unnatural voice, she said,

"My own heart, Gilbert, has said more than you can do. It is because I have loved you as I did, that I do this, that I go to-day out from the warm sunshine at your side, that I put away your hand from me, and stand here alone. How cold and dark it is for me now never can know."

"You never loved me," he broke forth—"your love was a vain, shallow pretence, or you would not now so sting and wound me in the eyes of the world."

"Gilbert!"—the low voice broke into a passionate cry—"you doubt me even now, even now. What these last few weeks have been to me, you cannot know. How I have looked out into the dark night, and doubted if there could be a God of mercy there; how I have longed to take my broken, ruined life, and throw it back in the face of Him who gave it, and tell Him it was a cheat, a lie! How I have prayed for death, for anything, to save me from this hour. Spare me, Gilbert—the struggle was bitter enough, without one blow from you." She turned and went toward him, with quick, uncertain steps. "Take my hand, Gilbert, and take it kindly, it is for the last time."

He did not touch it, but stood immovable, his face white with rage.

She turned silently away, and with the groping motion of the hand, passed slowly from the room. I did not follow her. Whatever might be the cause of the sacrifice she was about to make, I felt that she would best conquer herself alone.

The hour passed slowly. When I entered the library again, I found that they had waited

for me. Mr. Crofts, thin and pompous as ever, occupied his accustomed seat by the table. Before him lay the papers of the wedding settlement. Amy was idly arranging some flowers. Gilbert paced rapidly through the room, with fierce, angry strides, apparently unconscious of our presence. By the window stood another figure, at which I looked for a moment, doubtfully.

"Philip?" I asked.

He came forward with outstretched hand, and then turned with some simple greeting to meet Margaret, who entered at that moment. Yet even in the commonplace, ordinary welcome, there was a something so gentle and even tender in its pity, that Margaret's first step faltered, for her step was firm now. All trace of feeling was gone, or had been conquered, only a slight, irresistible quiver of this lip told how terrible had been the struggle through which she had passed herself for the present hour. Even in that moment of agitation, I was startled by the likeness between her face and Philip Stamford's. Not in the outward cast of features; the resemblance lay deeper; I looked at her was, this face, and then at his, at the broad, massive brow, already deeply furrowed, at the clear eyes, from which an unconquered will looked calmly out on the world, and then at the pure, delicately chiselled lips, and I felt that both faces bore the same stamp, both told the tale that part of life's battle had been fought and won; part of the cup of pain had been drunk, and the soul had grown stronger for the draught.

"Ah," said Mr. Crofts, "how pleasant is this reassembling of old friends together. We should be grateful to the strange conditions of our lamented friend's will, that it perforce has caused this happy union."

He paused, and after a short silence, broken only by the rustle of his papers, he continued,

"It is useless, I presume, to read the terms of Mr. Halstone's will. It only remains that we complete the marriage settlements, and that the witnesses here assembled place their names thereto. Miss Loworth's intentions," he added, smiling significantly, "are too well known to render it necessary for her formally to declare them."

She looked up now.

"The marriage settlements are unnecessary," Mr. Crofts, she said, in a low tone that never faltered. "I decline to fulfill the contract with my cousin, Gilbert Halstone."

Mr. Crofts dropped his pen in astonishment. Amid the general outbreak of exclamations I heard a smothered sigh from Philip, who stood near me, but his face was calm and still as ever.

"Do I understand this to be your final decision?" asked the lawyer, after an embarrassed pause.

She bowed assent.

He looked in perplexity at the group of faces around him, on each of which were marks of agitation save on hers.

"Your announcement of your determination, Miss Loworth, permit me to say," he said, after another silence, "is certainly unexpected. You are aware that the opinion of the public—my own, in fact, has been that an attachment subsisted between your cousin and yourself."

Gilbert stood near her, his keen, gray eyes following every movement of her face, but she seemed strangely unmoved by his scrutiny.

"Your failure to keep this engagement," continued Mr. Crofts, "involves, you are aware, your sacrifice of your portion of the estate, and leaves you dependent solely upon the small annuity left by your mother."

"I am aware of it."

Mr. Crofts rose in awkward constraint.

"Nothing then remains to be done," he said, hesitatingly, "if your decision is irrevocable."

"Nothing," said Margaret, in a clearer voice than before, "except to give a reason for my refusal." There was a breathless silence as she continued, "It is not," she said, turning to Gilbert, "it is not, I wish every one here to know, because I doubt the affection of my cousin for me, nor the truth of my own. I believe that he did know the obstacle that has so suddenly arisen between us, his noble heart would yet have urged him to take me as his wife. But I, knowing his peculiar character—his ambition, his love for the beautiful, and his disgust for whatever is painful or repulsive, knew that if he made this sacrifice, I should have in time become hateful to him." She faltered now, but only for a moment. "I should have been a curse instead of a blessing; and I never shall so test his love."

"Margaret," he came to her and took her hand; the pitiful, childlike smile upon her face, touched even him. "Margaret, what is this mystery, at which you hint?"

"You do not know it then?" she said, with the dim wistful gaze, passing her hand lightly over her face. "It is because you see me so constantly. Philip knew it the instant he saw me."

The old shadow on Gilbert's face again. She put her hand on his arm, and turned her face towards the light.

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried Amy, clinging round her.

The glaring sunlight flashed out and shone pitilessly into the dark, tender eyes. They never fluttered, but looked out with the same dim, changeless, pitiful gaze.

"Blind!" almost shrieked Gilbert, shaking off her hand with an involuntary gesture of horror and disgust.

Her hands fell clasping together, her head bent meekly on her breast. She stood silent, motionless; yet I knew by her face that amid the outer darkness, and pity, and love, she heard but one sound—the noise of his departing footsteps, as he rushed away from her and when she could hear them no longer—headless of all else, she slowly left the room, her groping hand outstretched, and her sightless eyes closed.

Philip Stamford, too, had seen that last look upon her face, and as he turned away, I heard him mutter alone, "Blind! blind!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISTAKES OF TRANSLATORS.

We find the following in a little English miscellany volume of "Wit and Humor":

The French as a nation have been rather distinguished by their neglect and contempt of all languages save their own; and among those who have misinterpreted foreign idioms and misapplied foreign words, their translators deserve a pre-eminent post. One Monsieur Grouley, who wrote about the beginning of the reign of George III., committed a most amusing variety of mistakes of both these kinds. He told the good people of Paris, on the authority of M. Goudamer, a valuable correspondent, that the boys in London, would sometimes call a Frenchman an *assolot* (we will not correct the orthography); that the owner of the House of Commons was called *Le Spik*, (Speaker); and that when members would claim attention to what was said in debate, they shouted *ya! ya!*

The same ingenious writer called our pugilistic combats "*La Boxe*." Everybody, he says, knows the passion of all slaves and conditions of the English for the Box; and he adds, "The Box is an indispensable part of a gentleman's education—fathers and mothers make their children fight in his presence; the professors do the same in all schools and colleges, and *Boxeurs* begin by beating with their heads, *like rats*." The extravagant amateurs (*les amateurs savants*) of horse racing, who are informed, are called "*Black-legs*," from the color of their boots, which they never take off. The "*Bond Street loungers*" are said to derive the name from a light repeat in the middle of the day, which they take in the eating-house, and which is called a *lump*. The patriots of England, according to another accomplished French tourist, are called *Wigglers*, from the Isle of Wight, where all runaway matches are made. But this is less amusing than the felicitous accuracy of a Parisian journalist, who translates the title of our newspaper, the *Independent Whig*, by "*La Presseur Indépendante*—the Independent Whig."

Monsieur H. Deuchitte, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehme, gives a list of his numerous works, among which he sets down as one, "*Reflections on Isaiah's books*." Now these said reflections were applied by Boehme to a theological and controversial treatise, written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English boot, French *bata*, and hence, with the help of a little blundering came M. Deuchitte's "*Reflections on les bottes de Stiefel*."

The French translator of one of Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted cheese, "*A Welsh rabbit*," rendered it literally by "*un lapin de pays de Galles*," or a rabbit of Wales, and then told his readers, in a note, that the *lapin*, or rabbit of Wales, have a very superior flavor, which makes them be in great request in England.

The writer of the Neapolitan Government paper, *Il Giornale della città di Napoli*, was more ingenious. He was translating from some English newspaper the account of a man who had killed his wife, by striking her with a poker, and at the end of his story, the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said:—"Non sappiamo per certo se questo povero inglese, sia uno strumento domestico o uno strumento chirurgico." (We are not quite certain whether this English poker—poker—be a domestic or surgical instrument.)

During the last war, an English newspaper told its readers that the whole army of the Archduke Charles was "on horseback, upon the Danube." The reporter of this startling news had been translating from the *Monitor*, and did not happen to know the value of a common French military idiom—*c'est à cheval*, "to be on both sides of," and signifying, in this instance, that a part of the Archduke's army was on the left and part on the right bank of the Danube.

"Diamond City Diamond."—Kroner and Van Tagon were two respectable citizens of Amsterdam, the former of whom had a marriageable daughter, and the latter a son, who had an ardent wish to be her husband. But old Kroner said the son of his friend was not rich enough to enter his family, and old Van Tagon was mad then, when the report was brought him by an officious friend.

"Save me from Butzen!" exclaimed he, "if I do not steal a march on my old friend Kroner!"

He concealed his wrath, and went and called on Kroner, whom he engaged to furnish, within thirty days, one million *Zuyder Zee* herrings. He then went and bought all the herrings the city and suburbs contained, and twenty days thereafter he received a letter from Kroner, who was in the wildest despair, announcing that he never should be able to keep his agreement, as he could not find a herring for sale, and offering fifty thousand guilders to be released from his contract.

"I have him!" said Van Tagon, and he wrote his acceptance of the offer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PACIFIC RIMMER AGAIN—ADVANCE IN COTTON—WARRIOR PREPARATIONS, &c.

The Canada at Boston, brings Liverpool advices to the effect—The Liverpool cotton market has been advanced materially by the successful removal, and an advance in the price is reported.

The latest advices, however, were warlike. Notwithstanding the peaceful sentiments uttered by the Emperor of France and Count de Morny, warlike preparations were continued on a large scale.

The Russian Chamber of Deputies had voted a new loan of fifty millions of francs. Count Camille explained that this loan was designed for the purpose of preparing a defense against the threatening attitude of Austria. Count Camille's speech respecting it says, "our policy has been at all times national, and never of a revolutionary character. Austria has taken a menacing attitude towards us. She has increased her military force, and has collected very large forces on our frontier. Therefore a necessary arises for us to look for means for defense. Our policy is not to defend. We will not enter war, neither will we lower the voice when Austria rises herself against the peace of Europe."

Military movements were still continued in Austria.

Mr. Dallas, the United States Minister, had given a dinner to Lord Lyons.

It is reported that Archbishop Cullen will be made Cardinal, to reside at Rome.

London, Saturday, Feb. 27.—The London News City Article says that "the assurances in every quarter are neutralized by the warlike preparations of the Continent."

The News says an extensive system of fortification has received the sanction of the English government. The plan consists in the erection of fortifications at intervals along the coast.

The most noticeable feature of the speech of the Queen at the opening of the British Parliament, was the emphatic manner in which her Majesty read the paragraph relating to the necessity of constructing the navy, owing to the extension of steam power, and of maintaining the maritime power of this country.

The London Standard understands that Mr. Cobden will shortly pay a visit to the United States.

The London Times correspondent says the allusion to peace in Count de Morny's speech to the French Legislative Corps, was received with reiterated cheers.

The number of ships of war in commission, at French ports was 200.

There was a great diversity of opinion, and it was believed that hostilities will commence before the end of the year.

Six floating batteries are to be constructed in French ports, to be navigable as ships.

It was said that Austria has consented to withdraw from the Roman States, on condition that France will do the same.

It was stated that the Russian army will shortly be concentrated on the Austro-Galician frontier, and that the tone of the Russian journals towards Austria is daily becoming more severe.

It was reported that the population of Herat, Persia, had expelled the English Commissioner.

Spain.—In the lower Chambers the question was asked if the Government knew anything of the bill presented in the United States Congress, relative to the purchase of Cuba, and if it would communicate any correspondence with England on the subject.

The Minister of Finance replied that he could not answer without consulting his colleagues.

THE MARCHES AT JERUSALEM.—Jehuda, Jan. 13.—Two of the principal singularities in the massacre of the Christians, the chief of the police and the chief of the Armaments, have been condemned to death, and were executed yesterday.

The Canadian and the others accused, have been sent to Constantinople, where their fate will be decided upon.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.—The session of the French Legislature was opened on the 7th inst., with an important speech from the Emperor.

The Emperor, referring to the existing agitation, stated that he was excited without any apparent and imminent danger, and after expressing regret at the disquietude, and pointing to his peaceful policy as a proof of his moderation, he proceeded to speak as follows:

"Today it is my duty to explain again (what you appear to have forgotten) what have been my feelings, to re-assure France, to restore France to her true rank among nations to cement closely an alliance with England, and to regulate with the Continental powers the extent of our relations according to and in conformity with our views. And the relations towards France was in that spirit, that on the eve of my departure, I made at the demand the declaration, 'The Emperor is anxious to prove by that expression that although the heir of Napoleon I, had ascended the throne, he would inaugurate a system which could only be disturbed for the purpose of defending great national interests."

"With respect to the alliance with England, I have used all my perseverance to consolidate it, and have found a happy resignation of sentiment on the part of the Queen, and of statements of every shade of opinion. Also, to attain that end, so valuable to the peace of the world, have I taken all opportunities of testifying an intimate remembrance of the past the numerous attacks directed by jealousy and even by the natural antipathy of my own country. This alliance has borne its fruits. Not only have we acquired together a lasting glory in the East, but at the extremity of the world, we have just opened an immense Empire to the progress of civilization and the Christian religion. He says the relations with Europe have assumed the frankest cordiality. The relations with Prussia have never ceased to be animated by mutual good will. 'The Cabinets of Vienna and France, on the contrary, I speak it with regret, have disagreed upon important questions, and it required the most conciliatory spirit to succeed in arranging them. For instance the reconstruction of the Principality was not completed without many difficulties. When I asked what interest France has in those distant countries, I should reply that the interest of France is everywhere where there is just cause and where civilization ought to be made to prevail. In this state of things it is nothing extraordinary that France should draw closer to Prussia, which has proved herself so devoted during war and faithful to our policy during peace."

"The marriage of my well beloved cousin had no hidden meaning, but was the natural consequence of the community of interests of the two countries, and the friendship of their sovereigns."

"For some time the state of Italy and her abnormal position, where order cannot be obtained except by foreign troops, gives just cause for anxiety to diplomacy. This, however, is not a sufficient motive to give rise to the belief in war. Some may involve it with all their heart, without genuine reason. Others may, in their exaggerated fears, endeavor to show to France the dangers of a coalition. I shall remain firm and invulnerable in the path of right and justice, and national honor. And my Government will not allow itself to be either led away or intimidated, because my policy will never be either servile or pusillanimous. Far be from us, then, those unjust suspicions, these interested apprehensions. Peace, I hope, will not be disturbed."

"Resume the calmly rational course of your labors."

"I have frankly explained the state of our

foreign relations, and this explanation corresponds with all I have made known during the last two months. Both at home and abroad you will find my policy has never ceased to be firm but conciliatory. Therefore, I confidently rely on your support, as well as upon that of the nation that has entrusted its fate to me."

The well known that never shall personal interest or a party ambition guide my actions. When supported by popular sentiments, we ascend a throne and acquire a grave a region of stability, we rise far above that infamous region where vulgar interests are debated, and the first motives of our actions, as the last, judges God, conscience and posterity."

The effect of the speech was unfavorable notwithstanding its pacific nature.

Liverpool, Feb. 11.—Cotton has advanced 1/4 to 1 1/2 market closing 4 1/2.

Provisions are dear, with a declining tendency. Pork is dear at full prices.

Rutherford's Circular says the influence of the Continental troubles had stimulated investments in current United States Stocks, and in the best class of American Railway Bonds.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.—At the recent meeting of the National Convention of Sunday-School Teachers, the following resolution was offered:

Resolved, That we recommend the establishment, by private subscription, of local depositories of Sunday school publications.

During the discussion of the resolution in regard to the local depositories of Sunday school publications, the Rev. Dr. Nevins condemned the works issued by the American Sunday-School Union, as containing too much secular, and not sufficient religious matter. The books in his Sunday school were of botany, geology, mineralogy, and astronomy, but contained scarcely anything to impart religious instruction.

Mr. Smith, of West Chester, approved of the views of Dr. Nevins, and thought that many of the publications of the Union did the Sunday-school cause more harm than good. They were not of a higher moral character than the works of Miss Edgeworth, and were destitute of a religious influence. Some of the books issued he would not permit his children to read. The speaker was frequently called to order during his remarks.

The Rev. Mr. Westcott defended the American Sunday-School Union. They were not book writers, but book-makers, or printers, and if the publications contained improper sentiments it was the fault of the writers, and not of the publishers. If Dr. Nevins and others are dissatisfied, let them write works which merit commendation to publication by the Union. Then they would have no cause to complain, and would be well paid for their trouble. (Applause.)

The Rev. Dr. Bomberger commended the publications of the Union. He believed they had done, and are now doing a vast amount of good. The complaint that the works treated of botany, geology, and astronomy, was not well founded. Did not God make the world to give them loveliness and sweet perfume? Did He not form the earth, and endow it with beauties for the sustenance and enjoyment of man? Did He not make the firmament and fill it with myriads of twinkling stars? How could it be wrong to impress upon our children the greatness of the power of God, and the infinite beauty and variety of His creations? It could not be, and he was sorry to see the usefulness and efficiency of this Society attacked by those who should be its friends.

The remarks of the reverend gentlemen were received with hearty applause, and the resolution adopted.

"The Professor" in the Atlantic Monthly says, we shall probably never have the least idea of the enormous number of impressions which pass through our consciousness, until in some future life we see the photographic records of our thoughts and the stereoscopic pictures of our actions.

CONCURRENCE.—The Salem Register says: It is not a little remarkable that the gentleman (Mr. Kirk) who is designated as the writer who will probably complete Mr. Prescott's unfinished work, bears the name (John Foster) of the college student who unintentionally inflicted the injury on Mr. P.'s eye.

What flower do you prefer? Who is your favorite English poet? and in what period of the world, other than the present, would you prefer to have lived?

The origin of Pennsylvania is thus given by an old epigrammatist:

Pen refused to take his hat off Before the King, and therefore sat off Some other world to light upon Where he might worship with his hat on."

Persons who are too shy and awkward to take their due part in the bustling world, console themselves by assuming that the active and forcible qualities possessed by the real actors in life's stirring scenes, are incompatible with others which they choose to deem higher and more important.

There was a young woman, and what do you think? She rooked her light dresses in chloride of zinc. Then fire couldn't hurt her, though close she came by it.

Oh, ladies! Oh, managers! why don't you try it? Phillips, the Irish orator, speaks thus feelingly of his birthplace: "These were the scenes of my childhood reminded me how innocent I was, and the graves of my fathers admonish me how pure I should continue."

Rebelle said that the reason why lovers are so fond of one another's company is that they are always talking about themselves.

Horace Tooke, characterized the House of Commons as a mass of dirt and corruption. To escape punishment for this libel, he was required, upon bended knee, to beg pardon of the House. Upon braiding the dust from the knees of his breeches, he said, "Tis a dirty House, though!" This caused a laugh from all those around him.

MEXICO GOVERNMENT.—The Irish Council of Education found an objectionable passage in the "Deserted Village," in the line—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade, For talking age, and whispering lovers made."

The Educationalists could not permit anything so shocking as "whispering lovers," and they have altered the line for the youth of Ireland. It stands in the school books—

"For talking age and social converse made."

PALLADIUM OF DOCTORS.—Both Pearson and Clive, on one occasion, informed Tooke that he could not possibly survive beyond a single day; and he lived years! Let me mention here what was told me by a lady at Clifton. "In my girlhood I had a very severe illness, during which I heard Dr. Pearson declare to my mother in the next room, that I could not live. I immediately called out, 'But I will live. Dr. Pearson!' and here I am, now sixty years old."—Rogers.

NEWS ITEMS.

CAPTAIN BRADSHAW comes out in a card, contradicting the statement that his wife was seen at a house on the White Mountains last summer, shortly after her mysterious disappearance from Staten Island. He says a full investigation of the story has been made, and though a lady somewhat resembling Mrs. Bradshaw was seen at the place in question, it could not have been her. He reiterates the statement that an outrage was committed upon her person, followed by a foul murder, and offers \$1,000 reward for any definite information upon the subject. The card is signed by the lady's brother, Col. C. H. Crane.

Miss Jones, who married the old negro, recently sent to Indiana, and commenced proceedings for a divorce.

Dr. Haver, husband of Cora Hatch, the medium, says:—"The most damning inquiries are every where perpetrated in Spiritual circles, a very small percentage of which ever comes to public attention. I care not whether it be spiritism or mediumism, the facts exist, and should demand the attention and just estimation of an intelligent community. With but little inquiry, I have been able to count up over seventy mediums, most of whom have wholly abandoned their conjugal relations, others living with their paramours called 'spirits,' others in promiscuous adultery, and still others in various other immoralities, and women, who have passed the meridian of life, are not unfrequently the victims of this hallucination. Many of the mediums lose all sense of moral obligations, and yield to whatever influence may be for the time brought to bear upon them. Their pledges, their integrity, their manhood, are no more, and the shifting breeze of the whirlwind, for they are made to yield to the powers which for a time control them."

Two letters, written by M. Montcalm, after the coup d'etat of December 2, and with a few weeks interval between them, have just been made public in Paris, in one of which he addressed Napoleon to Charles X., and in the other to Nero.

A DEFECTION FROM THE POPE was necessary to enable the marriage of the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde to be celebrated on a Sunday. His Holiness not only granted it at once, but accompanied it with his congratulations.

THE LATE JAMES' WORK ON "RACIAL AND TRAGEDY," we learn that the great Jewess, between the 12th of June, 1837, and the 23rd of March, 1855, played 1,063 times, and that those 1,063 representations produced 4,369,129 francs 15 centimes—over \$800,000.

The hot houses of the East, in latitude 60 degrees, contain the finest collection of tropical plants in Europe. Palm trees are 60 feet in height, and there are banks of splendid orchards. The hot houses are about a mile and a half in length.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF COTTON.—The ship Ocean Monarch, Capt. Page, cleared at New Orleans, on the 14th inst., for Liverpool, with 3,339,240 pounds, and valued at \$34,012.60. A larger cargo of cotton never cleared from any port in the world before. The average weight of the bales was 450 pounds.

FAILURE.—The attempt to deepen the channel of the Mississippi at the mouth by closing some of the lower levees, in a singular manner, has failed. The bar was never worse than now. A considerable fleet of vessels lie at that point, unable to get in or out of the river, and many of them hard aground.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Mrs. T. B. Atkinson, a lady residing in West Philadelphia, was recently seriously injured in a singular manner. She was coming down stairs when the heel of her shoe caught on the edge of the top step, throwing her down. She struck upon her head, injuring herself in such a manner that her recovery is considered doubtful.

AMERICA has given birth to Morphy, but his mother is a French woman, and his father a Spaniard.

The Delaware legislature have repealed the law which prohibits the issue of notes under the denomination of five dollars.

THE MEXICAN COMPLICATED.—The rumor that all the available naval forces, including the U. S. ship Vincennes, has been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, has been refuted by a remark made by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, that this American sea, as he termed it, belongs to us, and that we will and must exercise control over it.

The next arrival from Mexico will, it is anticipated, bring highly important intelligence in connection with the French and English fleets, and requiring a larger American naval force than heretofore in that quarter.

The Ohio legislature has repealed the ten per cent. interest law, restoring the rate again to six per cent.

YOUNG WARD, of Louisville, whose chastisement led to the quarrel which resulted in the killing of the schoolmaster Butler, is beginning to exhibit a touch of his brother's humor. A difficulty occurred a few days ago on board the Vicksburg packet Victoria, between Ward and a Dr. Cameron, of Prentiss, Miss., during which the former drew a pistol, and fired at Cameron, the shot tearing away his upper lip.

FIVE THOUSAND SHARES in the stock of the Suez ship canal, representing half a million dollars, have been taken in the United States, and are nearly equal to the amount taken in England.

SIX MEN AND A SURPRISE PARTY.—According to the Worcester Star, a young gentleman who was returning with a merry party of ladies and gentlemen from a ball at Clinton, a few nights since, jumped from his sleigh, and gave chase to what was supposed to be a rabbit running along the road. He was successful in his pursuit, but—horror of horrors!—the rabbit proved to be a skunk, and administered an overpowering dose of his celebrated perfume upon the unfortunate youth. Of course his unflattering presence could not be tolerated by the superstitious broadcloths and silks in the sleigh, and the unlucky wretch was required to dismount from the vehicle, and thus convey to Worcester—a melancholy illustration of the effect of falling into bad company.

THE MEMPHIS (MISSISSIPPI) PRESS says that two citizens of that town have recently lost their wives by elopement, and that the customary salutations in the streets instead of "How do you do, sir?" has become, "Is your wife safe this morning?"

MADAME CAVANNAH, the widow of the celebrated General, animated by a high chivalrous feeling, has given up the entire portion settled on her by M. Oiler, her father, (200,000) to his creditors, he having unfortunately become a bankrupt.

THE LATE WESTMINSTER REVIEW gives the following anecdote: "A clergyman not long ago was earnestly pressing on the attention of a dying Lincolnshire poor certain doctrines which have presented difficulties to clearer heads under more favorable circumstances. 'What wilt thou say?' was the faint response, given in the wail of a voice that was fast fading away, 'wilt thou say a touching round the neck, wilt thou say the railroads a fuzzer and a wizzer, I'm clean wadded, stoned, and bed!' and so saying he turned to the wall and expired."

WEDDING IN A DEATH CHAMBER.—A correspondent writing from the West Union, on the North Western Virginia Railroad, says that a wedding recently took place in a death chamber, at Spring Hill, near that place. Mr. Ruse and Miss Ripley were married while the father of the lady was lying a corpse. It appears that that day had been set for the wedding to take place. Mr. Ripley was suffering with the consumption, and expired on that morning at a few weeks, but the bride was not to be placed in the coffin until the wedding ceremony took place at 9 o'clock, over the corpse of her father.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—Perhaps the most interesting discussion of the week was an amendment of Mr. Hale's, bringing up the question of Popular Sovereignty. Senators Hunter, Davis, Brown, &c., advocated the duty of Congress to pass laws protecting slavery in the Territories, while Senator Douglas, &c., maintained that Congress could do nothing of the kind. The debate was a very exciting one, but conducted in a courteous and dignified manner. Senator Hale's motion to repeal the restrictive clause of the Kansas Bill was rejected.

A bill to increase the rates of letter postage from three cents to five has also been before the Senate, and it is said will probably pass that body. It also restricts the franking privilege. It is generally supposed that any attempt to increase the postage will be defeated in the House.

On the 25th, a motion to lay the Cuba Bill on the table failed by 18 yeas to 30 nays. Mr. Wilson offered a substitute, totally changing the nature of the bill in favor of international amity, and appropriating \$50,000 to enable the President to negotiate treaties with Spain, Brazil, and Spanish American Republics, for the removal of all restrictions on trade.

On the 26th, Mr. Sillid announced that he would make no further attempts to bring up the Cuban Bill, in consequence of the avowed determination of certain members to prevent a vote.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The most important event in the House since our last is the defeat of the Post Office Appropriation Bill—yeas 85, nays 119.

A majority and minority report of the Investigative Committee discloses an objectionable state of affairs in the Navy Yard, and relative to the giving of contracts.

On the 25th, the vote on the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was reconsidered by 104 yeas to 84 nays; after which the House took up the Naval Appropriation Bill. Mr. Sherman offered an amendment, which was adopted, reducing the appropriations for the Navy to \$1,000,000, and the expenses of Commodore Paulding, arising out of suits for the seizure of Walker, was ruled out of order. When the time arrived to take a vote on the bill, no quorum could be obtained.

The House Committee of Ways and Means (6 to 3), have resolved to report the Tariff Bill.

DARING FEAT AT NIAGARA.—CROSSING ON STILTS ABOVE THE FALLS.—The Chicago Press has an account of a Yankee adventurer, named Aaron Greenleaf, crossing Niagara river between the falls and the Falls, on the 12th inst., for a fee of \$1,000, made with a Southern Greenleaf (or Morelli) as he calls himself, for he passed for an Italian, and is a "showman," had with him a pair of stilts about twelve feet long, made of wrought iron, flat, sharp-edged and pointed—shaped, in fact, exactly like the legs of a man, and a slender stick, firmly lashed to his legs, and he walked towards the terrible river with a confident smile. The morning was clear and cold, but he was attired very lightly, a dress not unlike that usually worn by professional gymnasts. At ten minutes past seven, he stepped into the water, which in another moment was boiling with his heels, and a slender stick, firmly lashed to his legs, and he walked towards the terrible river with a confident smile. 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**BEFORE THE WORLD
ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT YEARS.**

**BRANDRETH'S
VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS**

Have been weighed by the public one hundred and eight years, and not found wanting. They claim intrinsic merit. Their usefulness is measured by their purifying quality upon the BLOOD.

It's cannot be such, we can have no Pain, but when some Natural Cause for the Blood's Impurity is Closed or Inactive.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS upon these natural causes, or make them active, by which impurities are removed, and disease eradicated. Though innocent in bread, they are more searching than calomel, and while sickness is growing, may be used daily; because they do not take any of the essential parts from the blood, but purify it, and restore, in a measure, its vitalizing qualities.

They require no change in diet, or care against cold or otherwise.

Fever, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Influenza, Chills, Coughs, General Debility, Premature Decay, and especially Sudden Attacks of Severe Sickness.

often resulting fatally—the consequence of the great variability of our climate, coupled or not with marsh effluvia or epidemic contagions—these, two or three doses of four or six Brandreth's Pills cure, save a long day of sickness, and often life.

When serious pain afflicts us, we should at once take a good dose of Pills.

FEVER AND AGUE CURED.

Mr John Y. Haight, Supervisor of New Castle, Westchester county, N. Y., describes the attention of those interested. He says, November, 1858:—
"I was, about two years ago, attacked with fever and ague, which, notwithstanding the best medical advice, continued to severely afflict me for six tedious months. I became yellow as saffron, and reduced to skin and bone. Medicine and physicians were abandoned in despair. As an experiment, I concluded to try a single dose of six of Brandreth's Universal Vegetable Pills, on an empty stomach, early in the morning. The first dose seemed to arouse all the latent energies of my exhausted frame. I feared the worst—their purgative effect was different from anything I had ever used or heard of. At length this effect ceased, and I seemed lighter and braced for more. That evening I went to bed, and awoke in the morning, slept soundly all night. The next day I followed the same course, and took the same dose of pills. I continued to take the pills in this way about three weeks, when I found myself entirely cured. It is two years ago, and I have had no return. My health has been surprisingly good, and I have used no medicine since. I have made this statement in accordance with what I conceive to be my duty."

Brandreth's Pills are sold at twenty-five cents per box, with full directions.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:
294 CANAL STREET,
Brandreth's Building, N. Y.

☞ The Genuine Pills can be obtained from all respectable dealers in medicine. In England ask for Dr. Benjamin Brandreth's Pills.

For sale at Proprietor's lowest prices at Dr. Brandreth's, Philadelphia Office, North-East corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, and by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, 218 North Second Street, Philadelphia. feb 12 '61

TO DEALERS IN OIL CLOTHS.

The Subscriber, having superior facilities for manufacturing FLOOR, TABLE, STAIR and CARRIAGE OIL CLOTHS, is now prepared to offer great inducements to buyers from all parts of the country. A large stock always on hand. Warehouse 320 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THOMAS POTTER, Manufacturer.

N. B.—Orders from all parts of the country solicited, and great care taken in filling them. jan 29 '61

THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING

That flashes through the Atlantic Cable, bears less resemblance to the lightning of heaven, than

CHRISTADORA'S HAIR DYE

Hears to the natural coloring matter of black and brown hair.

QUICK AS A FLASH

It darkens the gray, red or sandy fibres of the head, the lips, and the chin to an ebony hue. While it lends a healthy lustre to the skin.

IT CONTAINS NO CAUSTIC.

And ten minutes once in six or eight weeks is all the time required for its application.

☞ Sold everywhere, and sent by all Hair Dressers. CHRISTADORA, feb 19 '60 No. 6 Astor House, New York



This ARM and HAND are no perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved, by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the utmost extent.

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorable awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world, among which are the great MEDALS of the World's Exhibitions in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicates the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER, feb 19 '61 376 Chestnut St., Philad.

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

ELLIOT & PATTEN procure AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. Inquiries regarding the novelty and patentability of inventions answered without charge. Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia. feb 23 '60

Something New!

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from \$15 to \$30 weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass. feb 26 '61

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over \$25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 50 pages of particulars, gratis. feb 5 '61 EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

SOMETHING NEW.—AGENTS WANTED. Business profitable. Will pay a weekly salary from \$18 to \$30. Small capital required. No humbug. For particulars, inclose stamp, 2¢ address A. B. MARTIN, Plainfield, New Hampshire.

Wit and Humor.

AN INGENIOUS BUT DISLOYAL CAROLINIAN.

Old Judge Evans, the late Senator from South Carolina, was a very earnest, sincere, and venerable gentleman, who, under an exceedingly gentle, mild, and clerical exterior, concealed some very decided points of character, among which was an intense State pride. To him South Carolina was the best of all possible things, and he was not in the least degree susceptible of any other feeling. And though it was not in the nature of the good old man to hate anybody or anything, he cherished a decided and very South Carolinian repugnance to the institutions, ideas and customs of New England. For any South Carolinian to possess any of the qualities, the accomplishments, or tastes of the people of that section, was in the view of the old Senator a serious breach of faith and duty to his honored and beloved old Palmetto State.

Now it happened that Judge Evans was applied to by a young South Carolinian, who invented some ingenious mechanical contrivance which he desired to have patented. The young applicant introduced himself as the son of an old friend and fellow parishioner of the Judge, and begged his favor and aid in obtaining his patent.

The venerable Senator, raising his spectacles, and fixing his eyes in wonder and amazement at the ingenious young Carolinian, in his mild but emphatic tone, interrogated him as follows:

"You are the son of Colonel H—, of St. Parish, South Carolina, who was born in the said Parish?"

"I am, sir," promptly and proudly responded the young gentleman.

"The grandson of General H—, who served under General Sumter, in the Revolutionary war?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Your mother was the daughter of Mrs. Deacy—, who set fire to her mansion in the Revolution, to prevent the British occupying it?"

"Yes, sir," enthusiastically exclaimed the representative of one of Carolina's proudest families.

"And you," continued the patriotic old Senator, "have been educated at the academy—, in—, and instructed in the principles, duties and knowledge proper to your position, your birth and family?"

"Yes, sir," modestly remarked the now impatient youth.

"Then, sir," exclaimed the Judge in a tone of haughty sternness and indignation, "how dare you turn your back upon all the traditional principles, and ideas, and customs of your State, upon the sentiments and principles of your family, your ancestors, and your countrymen, and degrade yourself to the level of a common wooden nutmeg Yankee, by inventing a machine?"

The ingenious, but alas! high-born young Carolinian was so affected by the forcible manner in which his Senator presented the enormity of his conduct, that he abandoned his application, and returned to South Carolina with a view of standing for Congress in his district at the next election.—N. O. Delta.

ONE OF THE MAYORS.—The worthy Mayor of a Western city, well known to a host of admiring and warm friends, had "a case" before him in the person of an individual taken upon suspicion of offering a counterfeit note of hand of a well-known firm for sale. He could not prove its genuineness, and was committed to jail until information could be had from the parties. When it came it was entirely satisfactory; the note was good, and the young man's character was put beyond doubt. The Mayor had him brought to his office, and thus addressed him:

"Young man, it is my duty to congratulate you on being so fortunate, for had the note been a counterfeit you certainly would have been sent to the Penitentiary; you may go, and let it be a lesson to you."

The young man demurred to the sentence, it being proved that the note came directly into his hands from the makers of it, and he insisted that he had been badly treated by being put in prison for several days, and his character aspersed.

"Not at all," says our worthy dignitary: "you have had a fair investigation, and it is very fortunate for you that the note proves to be a genuine one, for assuredly you would have been sent to the Penitentiary if it had proved a counterfeit. Now go, and let us move."

He went—and our aforesaid Mayor cannot be made to see the transaction in any other light than as a fortunate thing for the young man that the note was genuine!

HAIR.—An American ship-of-war had put into an English port, and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoitre. In the course of his travels, he entered a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," says one, "you belong to the United States, I see."

"Right," was the answer.

"Now what would you do to a man who should say that your ship did not contain an officer fit for a bombast?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out," returned our lieutenant, with great coolness.

There was silence among her majesty's servants for a moment; but finally, one of them, more modulated than the rest, managed to stammer out:

"Well, 'well,' 'Yank,' I say it!"

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly:

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no desire to blow out."

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero invited to join the mess.

CANT A MAN THINK WHAT HE PLEASES?

In the spring of 1857, (see authority in ex-plicit,) an exciting municipal election was held in Princeton, Indiana. The all-absorbing compound question to be answered by the electors, was: "Whiskey for or Whiskey?" Owing to the fact that sundry grogshops had been mobbed, and their contents destroyed by the fair Amazons of the village, during the preceding fall and winter, a vast quantity of bad blood had been engendered, and the election was bitterly contested. Conspicuous among the champions of "Free Lager," was a Dutchman by the name of Dasche. Dasche, "mit his vrow," had his "local habitation" beyond the corporate limits of the village aforesaid; and, by consequence, had no right to vote in Princeton. But Dasche had not the remotest idea of limiting his exertions to the field of "moral suasion," and he therefore voted a plumper for "Free Whiskey," in all its phases. Dasche was tried for the offence in the Court of Common Pleas of Gibson County, Judge P— presiding, and found guilty. Dasche was enraged; and gave vent to his feelings in language wherein it was hard to say whether bad English or broken Dutch predominated. The Court ordered him to be silent; the only reply was a volley of fragmentary polyglot anathemas. His Honor again rebuked him, and threatened imprisonment, unless he held his peace. Dasche rose, and asked, meekly:

"The vunderb, can't a man drink vat he pleases?"

"Certainly," replied the Court, "you may drink whatever you like."

"Den," replied Dasche, a smile of triumph flashing across his Teutonic features as he glanced at Judge and jury, "I drink you all a set of infernal soundbats!"

"Time," was suddenly "called on him," but his speech was finished.

A STRANGE BREWERY.—The subjoined anecdote of a candidate for the legislature of a western State is worth telling:

There was a "stump speaking," and Abner had been on the platform enlightening "the unenlightened" long and loudly. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "I now come to a slanderous report which has been most dastardly circulated against me, from one end of the county to the other. My enemies, not content with endeavoring to ruin my political prospects, have assailed me like attempted to blast my good name by their insidious reports." Abner then stated what the rumor was, and continued:

"I rejoice, my fellow-citizens, to have it in my power instantly to fasten the lie upon this malicious and atrocious slander. I see among you one of the most estimable citizens of this county, whose character for truth and integrity is above question. Squire Schooler, to whom I allude, is acquainted with all the facts, and I call on him here to say whether this rumor is true or false. I pause for a reply." Where upon Squire Schooler slowly arose, and, in his strong, slow and sonorous voice, said, "I rather think you did it, Abner!" "You old scoundrel!" exclaimed Abner, "why do you interrupt me while I'm discussing great constitutional questions, with your low personalities?" And he accompanied this obnoxious exclamation with such a "surge" of gesticulation that he stepped back beyond the platform, fell backward on a big dog, amid the howls of which, and the deafening roars of the "sovereigns," the meeting was effectually broken up.

ONLY FIT FOR A LAWYER.—There is a little three-year old boy in Norwalk, Connecticut, already set apart for the legal profession, the Gazette says. Being taken in hand with a switch after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a favorite dwarf tree, he indignantly exclaimed, "Mamma, I did not pick off the pear—you come and see if I did." Sure enough, he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem!

THE PROFESSOR WITH THREE WIVES.—There were two places in the world, said Herman Melville, in a recent lecture, where a man might lie concealed—in London and the South Seas. Various and extraordinary were the wails and strains of humanity which turned up in traversing those waters. He remembered once, after five months' weary navigation out of sight of land, turning to a secluded island in search of fruit. The pensive natives lay upon the bank, gazing listlessly, hardly turning on their mats at their landing, for they had seen white men before. There, in that remote island, among its sixty or seventy lay inhabitants, he found an American, not imposing in his breech cloth and the scanty shreds of tappa which hung from his shoulders as signals of distress, which, it appeared to the traveller, the assiduous diligence of three wives—for the ill-dressed gentleman was blessed with that number—might have remedied. On conversation it came to light that this virtuous exile from civilization had been Professor of Moral Philosophy in a college in his own land; though, for the credit of the country, he did not mention the name of the institution.

COURSE OF REFORMATION.—The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned Generals and poets, usually abounds with skillful weavers and ship-carpenters. The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body. The more these reformed arts advance, the more sociable men become; nor is it possible that when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be content to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow creatures in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations.—Hume.

IF we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find an entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud.



Our bachelor friend, J. Jenkins, Esq.,—as he may have been seen many a Sunday afternoon, during this uncommonly wet and (to him) cheerless winter. Fortunately his razors, though handy, are always dull.

THE TWO ANGELS.

There are two angels that attend unseen Each one of us, and in great books record Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down The good ones, after every action closes His volume, and ascends with it to God. The other keeps his dreadful day-book open Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing. The record of the action fades away. And leaves a line of white across the page. Now if my act be good, as I believe it. It cannot be recalled. It is already Scaled up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished. The rest is yours. —Longfellow

NATIONAL IMPUDENCE.—The national modifications of impudence are remarkable. Often in the Irish it is alleviated by a kind of unconscious wit; Dean Swift used to forgive his impudent servant because of his facetiousness. Among Italians it is apt to be dramatic; we have seen an angry waiter, when an impatient habitue has left a restaurant in a rage at neglect—declaring his intention of never returning—solemnly lift his skull-cap, roll up his eyes, and devoutly thank Heaven. The French, under the guise of etiquette, and with an external politeness aggravating the offence, exhibit the coolest impudence; a vulgar Englishman exceeds all the world in arrogance; and it may be doubted if any but a Yankee could have the effrontery to stop a procession for his convenience. Yet such impudence we have twice beheld. On one occasion the corpse was a fire company on the run, who obeyed an authoritative gesture, under the impression that they were to be directed to the scene of conflagration; and, in the other case a religious fraternity. In both cases astonishment checked revengeful indignation, until the perpetrator had escaped. In the latter, the object was to light a cigar at the signal-torch and holy candles! —Christian Examiner.

ILLUSION.—There is nothing so real in this world as illusion. All other things may desert a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She holds a star a billion miles over a baby's head, and laughs to see him clawing and battling himself as he tries to reach it. She glides before the hoary sinner down the path which leads to the inexorable gate, jingling the keys of heaven at her girdle. —The Ascent.

Agricultural.

FOWL MANURE.

No manure obtained by the farmer is as valuable as the manure from the poultry-house. Of this there is no question, and yet we can hardly answer the question, "In what way is it best to use it?" This manure is made only in small quantities, and it may be that as a general thing much of it is wasted. It may be thrown with other manure, muck and refuse on the compost heap, but our plan is to save it for special purposes, and we generally use it in the vegetable garden, where it is not only valuable, but exceedingly convenient. When dry, it may be sown with onion or other seeds in the drills, at planting time, and four or five quarts put into a barrel of rain water makes a most superb liquid manure for any beds of young plants that need stimulating. In this form we use it for our melons and cucumbers, as soon as they appear above ground, to put them out of the way of the "bugs," and on beds of cabbage, cauliflower plants, &c., for the same purpose. Celery plants after being set out in the trenches may be hurried up amazingly by being watered two or three times a week with this liquid food. If magnificent sweet corn is wanted, half a pint of the dry hen dung, finely scattered in each hill, will give it, and no mistake. If you have been able to grow only hard, hot, wormy radishes, next spring sow the seed in very shallow drills, (not too early) in a warm, sheltered place, then cover the bed with a thin dressing of coal ashes, and water with the liquid hen manure each alternate night, and if the season is as favorable as ordinary, you will have no cause to repent the trial. A little charcoal dust is better than coal ashes. —Rural New Yorker.

How An.—This disease is caused principally by the cattle eating ergot hay. An inspection of the feed will exhibit the ergot grains. This hay should be rejected, and a different kind of food given, or many of the cattle will die. —Ohio Farmer.

ANTI-BALLING HORSESHOE.

The Maine Farmer contains a description of a horseshoe, designed to prevent the snow from gathering in balls on the feet of the horse, impeding his progress, and endangering the safety of both horse and driver. It was invented by Mr. E. Jones, of Minot, and has been found a sure corrective of this trouble, during wet and muddy travelling in fall and spring. The shoe is constructed on philosophical principles, to prevent the gathering of a mass of damp snow within its sides. A comparison with the common shoe will at once show the difference. The common shoe is made in the form of an oval hoop, or a part of an oval hoop, the widest part being about midway from the heel to the toe. This shape completely hoofs in and retains the ball of snow.

The improved shoe has its widest space at the heel, and grows smaller as it approaches the toe, until the opening ends in a point. The mass of snow is not hooped in, as in the other case, but, from its very form, has a tendency to slip out at the heel, and the foot is thus kept free from balling. The inventor states that it has been his practice for about twenty years to use, in winter, shoes that are triangular on the inside; and he is never troubled by snow-balls collecting on the horse's feet, even while riding in a freezing mixture of snow and mud. The inner lines of the shoe are straight from heel to toe, forming two sides of an isosceles triangle, and as the shoe is open behind, no balls can possibly collect under any circumstances. The inner edges of the shoe may be thinner than the rim in which the nails are fastened. Any smith can make them well after a little practice.

SCAR OR ITCH IN SHEEP.—We give what Dr. Dadd says upon the management of this disease in his Cattle Doctor:—

Scaly, itch, erysipelas, &c., all come under the head of cutaneous diseases, and require nearly the same general treatment. The following compound may be depended on as a safe and efficient remedy in either of the above diseases:—

Sulphur, 2 ounces.
Powdered saffron, 1 ounce.

Honey, sufficient to amalgamate the above. Dose, a tablespoonful every morning. To prevent the sheep from rubbing themselves, apply

Pyroligneous acid, 1 gill.
Water, 1 quart.

Mix and wet the part with a sponge.

Whenever the scab makes its appearance, the whole flock should be examined, and every one having the least abrasion or eruption of the skin should be put under medical treatment.

In most cases, itch is the result of infection. A single sheep infected with it is sufficient to infect a whole flock. If a few applications of the pyroligneous wash, aided by the medicine, are not sufficient to remove the malady, then recourse must be had to the following:—

Fir balsam, half a pint.
Sulphur, 1 ounce.
Mix. Anoint the sores daily.

STARTING CUTTINGS IN MOSS.—It is a very simple operation, and at the same time one that requires some little skill and care, to strike a cutting. Cuttings of grape vines, currants, and of many shrubs and flowers are usually started in sand, and some thick brick dust, the best material for this purpose. We see in the January number of the Gardener's Monthly Advertiser, a quotation from a German periodical, in regard to the use of swamp moss or sphagnum, which it says has been used in Holland instead of earth or sand for the purpose of striking cuttings, and up to this time we have heard of scarcely a single failure, and its success has been most complete. This sphagnum, (or swamp moss) should be well dried and reduced to powder, by rubbing it between the hands. Fill the cutting pots or boxes with it, and after watering it well, insert the cuttings. It dries less quickly than earth or sand, and preserves an uniform humidity, and the root fibres are developed more rapidly. It is said that some plants, that in sand require several months to root, only require "three or four weeks in the moss." —Maine Farmer.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 25 letters.
My 14, 4, 23, 17, 27, 18, is a United States Senator.
My 21, 20, 2, 23, 7, is a county in New York.
My 7, 17, 8, is a county in Iowa.
My 1, 4, 6, 2, is a mineral.
My 23, 17, 15, 2, 12, is a planet.
My 12, 16, 26, 28, is a county in Illinois.
My 24, 4, 11, 15, 22, 23, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 25, 16, 4, 23, 23, is a member of Congress.
My 2, 23, 19, 2, 23, 27, is a metal.
My 25, 3, 16, 17, is a county in California.
My 9, 20, 27, 28, is an animal.
My whole is a celebrated building in the United States.
WARREN, Pa. MACKENZIE.

PROFESSIONAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY W. LANAHAN M.
I am composed of 20 letters.
My 12, 9, 4, is a rule of action.
My 14, 6, 20, 3, 15, is an officer of court.
My 4, 8, 12, 7, 18, are made in contemplation of death.
My 10, 18, 17, 2, 18, 19, 1, are often made in court.
My 11, 12, 5, 7, is sometimes required of criminals.
My 9, 19, 16, 4, 20, 3, is made by the defendant.
My whole was a celebrated English law commentator.
Tiffin, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 5, 8, 10, is a female name.
My 3, 2, 9, is not old.
My 10, 5, 11, 12, is one of the cardinal points.
My 1, 2, 5, 8, is a vegetable.
My 4, 7, 6, is a male nickname.
My whole was a celebrated artist.
Delhi, Ill. PIASA BIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first a nickname is found to be,
Delicious to eat is my second;
The weary wayfarer my third loves to see—
A man's name my whole is reckoned.
St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first transposed is a pronoun; my second is a pronoun; my third, if rightly transposed, is what gamblers use.
YOUNG UN.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
At fun or tame. Cat.
Valley as Penn. Can cod rig?
Ten deer. Office.
Dr. Tonic. Or cut.
Oh, run! Notes.
Earnest. I c Mag.
Geese corn. Stew.
GAHMEW.

QUESTION.

A and B kill a deer, whose weight they are desirous of knowing. They have no steelyards with which to weigh. They are in the woods. After deliberating awhile, A says to B, if you can tell me your weight, I can contrive to weigh the deer where we are. B replies, my weight is 192 lbs.; and mine, says A, is 147 lbs. How did they manage to weigh the deer, and what was the weight?

CONUNDRUMS.

Why does a lady with very wealthy lovers around her, hear more music than anybody else? Ans.—Because she hears several millionaires at once.
Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on, like most railroad stock? Ans.—Because it is below par.
Why is the letter G like matrimony? Ans.—Because it is the end of courting.
Why would a man in the ship-insurance business make a bad author. Ans.—Because, being an underwriter, he could not, of course, write anything over well.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CONGRESSIONAL ENIGMA.—The California Overland Mail. CHARADE.—Dog wood. CHARADE.—Elizabeth. RIDDLE.—Zodiac.—Cádiz.

LITTLE GREAT PEOPLE.—Milton in *parvo*—much in little—is a good old adage, whose truth has been signally illustrated by many dwarfish heroes: such as those famous ancients, Agamemnon, the wisest of the Spartan kings, Licinius Calvus, the Roman orator, and Lucius, the Roman actor. Among the moderns, our praises are due—either on account of valor, genius, or virtue—to the great men, Attilla, the Scourge of God—Pepin the Little—Philip Augustus, an able king and a brave soldier, whose love for the fair Melancton is one of the romantic passages of history—Albert the Great, whom, it is said, the Pope on one occasion, several times requested to rise, in the belief he was still kneeling—the Portuguese navigator, Vasco di Gama, who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope—Krauss—Gaiton, the Protestant, who so stoutly defied Rochelle against Cardinal Richelieu—Gibson the painter, whose wife, too, was a dwarf, three feet high, but the mother of nine children—Prince Eugene, the worthy comrade of our great Marlborough—Maria Theresa, the "noster rex" of loyal Hungarian nobles—the Spanish admiral, Gravina—that wild and mysterious fabulist, the German Hoffmann—and, above all, perhaps, for genius at least, Napoleon Bonaparte.

At almost every step in life we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. The effervescence of youth and passion, and the freshness of the intellect and imagination endow them with a false brilliancy, which makes fools of themselves and other people. Like certain chintzes, calicoes and ginghams, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and the rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day.—Noah's Hawthorne.